DC
#1
SUPERMAN
MARVEL
SPIDER-MAN
13+
TEEN

DC COMICS *AND* MARVEL COMICS
PROUDLY PRESENT...

MARVEL

SUPERMAN SPIDER-MAN

"TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND GREAT RESPONSIBILITY"

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SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER.
SUPERBOY CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL.
SUPERGIRL BASED ON THE CHARACTERS CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER.
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY STAN LEE & STEVE DITKO

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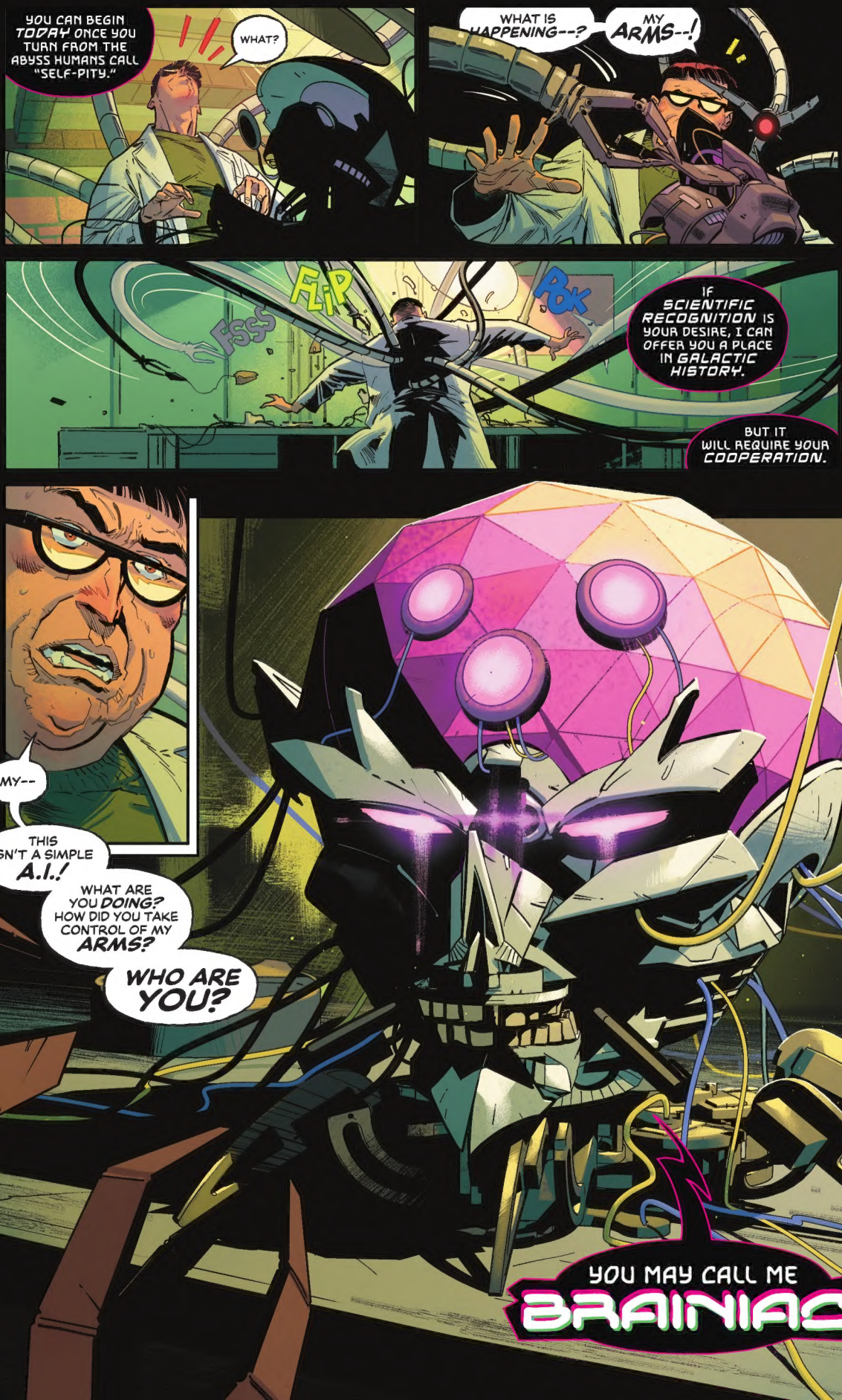
SURVIVE EACH OTHER. SAVE THE UNIVERSE.
JUSTICE LEAGUE
INTERGALACTIC
SPECIAL
ALL IN
WRITTEN BY
JADZIA AXELROD
NICOLE MAINES
ART BY
TRAVIS MOORE
GET READY FOR A NEW CHAPTER OF THE
ALL IN: ACT II SAGA!
OVERSIZE
30-PAGE
SPECIAL
ON SALE IN
APRIL

NEW YORK CITY.
GOOD MORNING, DR. OCTAVIUS. HOW MAY I HELP YOU?
D-CERN, SATE MY IDLE CURIOSITY.
WHO DOES THE PUBLIC CURRENTLY CONSIDER THE WORLD'S LEADING EXPERT IN CYBER-ROBOTICS?
THINKING...
D-CERN A.I.
ACCORDING TO ONLINE SOURCES, DR. WILLIAM MAGNUS IS CONSIDERED--
WRONG.
D-CERN, WHO IS OUR LEADING AUTHORITY ON RADIATION?
GENERALLY, DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER IS KNOWN AS--
SMAT
ARTIFICIAL "INTELLIGENCE," MY %$@.
LET THE PUBLIC FEAR ME. LET THEM CALL ME "DR. OCTOPUS." LET THEM REFER TO ME AS A CRIMINAL. BUT LET THEM NEVER, EVER FORGET MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.
=SIGH=
D-CERN, WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO FINALLY EDUCATE SEVEN BILLION LACKWITS OF MY GENIUS?


YOU CAN BEGIN TODAY ONCE YOU TURN FROM THE ABYSS HUMANS CALL "SELF-PITY."
WHAT?
WHAT IS HAPPENING--?
MY ARMS--!
FSSS
FLIP
POK
IF SCIENTIFIC RECOGNITION IS YOUR DESIRE, I CAN OFFER YOU A PLACE IN GALACTIC HISTORY.
BUT IT WILL REQUIRE YOUR COOPERATION.
MY--
THIS ISN'T A SIMPLE A.I.!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HOW DID YOU TAKE CONTROL OF MY ARMS?
WHO ARE YOU?
YOU MAY CALL ME BRAINIAC.

'KAY. CHECKS OUT.
BOSS'S OFFICE IS BACK THAT WAY. CAN'T MISS IT.
PRESS PASS
Clark Kent
Daily Planet
DAILY BUGLE
PHOTOGRAPHER
PETER PARKER
PRESS
METROPOLIS.
THANKS AGAIN FOR THE LIFT, CLARK.
I'M SO BROKE, A GUY STOLE MY IDENTITY AND THEN BEGGED ME TO TAKE IT BACK.
DON'T MENTION IT.
NEW YORK'S NOT THAT FAR, AND IF YOUR HUNCH IS RIGHT, WE'RE SQUARE.
AND IF NOT, AT LEAST I'LL HAVE SOME PIX TO SELL, CHA-CHING, EVEN IF I'M NOT REALLY HERE OFFICIALLY, JUST TO INVESTIGATE.
STAND BACK, WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN!
TWO JOURNALISTS ON THE MOVE, STANDING UP FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE!
HMMM.
"HMMM"?
WHAT "HMMM"?
IS IT MY EXTREMELY OUTDATED REFERENCE?
...
IT'S NOTHING.
FOLLOW MY LEAD.
S.T.A.R. LABORATORIES

YOU AND YOUR SHUTTERBUG ARE A LITTLE LATE, MR. KENT.
THE WIRE SERVICES ALREADY HAVE THE STORY.
THEFT OF A RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL BY A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WITH INHUMAN STRENGTH.
I'M TEMPTED TO SAY, "JUST ANOTHER DAY IN METROPOLIS," DR. KLYBURN, BUT YOU SEEM ESPECIALLY DISTRAUGHT.
PETER, YOU WANTED TO CHECK OUT THE POINT OF ENTRY?
YOUR STATEMENT TO THE PRESS WAS AWFULLY VAGUE.
AS A FRIEND, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME OFF THE RECORD?
FINE, MR. KENT. IT WASN'T JUST THE MATERIAL. IT WAS A LOT OF THE ATTENDANT TECH.
WE'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH "FAST NEUTRONS." THEY'RE--
--A WAY OF USING RADIATION TO TRANSMIT DATA FAR MORE EFFICIENTLY THAN WI-FI SINCE THE SIGNAL CAN'T BE BLOCKED BY ANYTHING.
SORRY. SCIENCE IS KINDA MY THING.
LOTS OF LABS ARE FOOLING AROUND WITH FAST NEUTRONS, DOCTOR.
WHY ARE YOU BEING SO SECRETIVE?
BECAUSE THOSE OTHER LABS ARE USING CALIFORNIUM.
WE WERE USING KRYPTONITE.

WELL?
JUST WHAT I WAS WORRIED ABOUT.
DISTINCT CLAW MARKS--DEFINITELY DOCTOR OCTOPUS'S TENTACLES.
AND NOW HE HAS KRYPTONITE?
I HAVE TO FIND HIM BEFORE--
WHOA!
NOT ON YOUR OWN, PAL!
JUST GIVE ME A--
--SECOND.
HEY!
HEY!
WAIT UP!
THOOM!
THWIP!
THWIP!

TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND GREAT RESPONSIBILITY

WRITER
MARK WAID

ARTIST
JORGE JIMÉNEZ

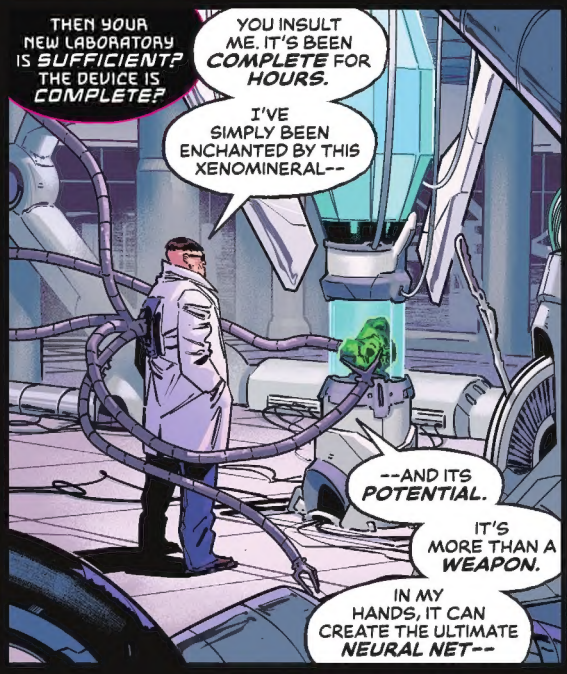
COLORS
TOMEU MOREY

LETTERS
TOM NAPOLITANO

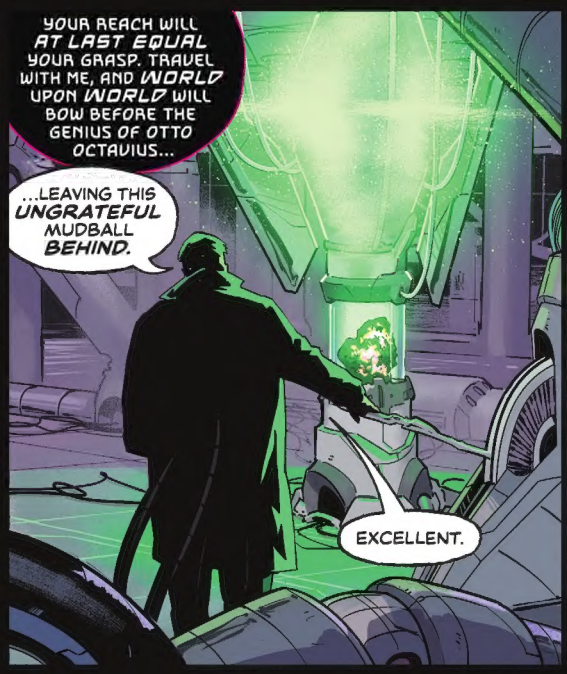
I BET YOU'RE NOT THIS IMPATIENT WITH BATMAN!

I'VE BEEN POISONED, DR. OCTAVIUS.
THIS IS WHAT WE ARE ATTEMPTING TO RESOLVE.

PRIOR TO THEIR EXTERMINATION, THE SENTIENTS ORBITING STAR A-252 DECEIVED ME INTO UPLOADING A DEBILITATING MIND VIRUS.
WITH YOUR AID, I CAN OFFLOAD IT INTO THE CARBON APES OF THIS MUDBALL. THEIR BRAINS ARE THE PERFECT REPOSITORY.
BLUNT, BUT UNDERSTOOD. PREPARE TO BEGIN TRANSFERENCE AND OFFLOAD.


THEN YOUR NEW LABORATORY IS SUFFICIENT? THE DEVICE IS COMPLETE?
YOU INSULT ME. IT'S BEEN COMPLETE FOR HOURS.
I'VE SIMPLY BEEN ENCHANTED BY THIS XENOMINERAL--
--AND ITS POTENTIAL.
IT'S MORE THAN A WEAPON.
IN MY HANDS, IT CAN CREATE THE ULTIMATE NEURAL NET--

--USING YOUR SHIP AS A RELAY SATELLITE.
WITH THIS DEVICE, I CAN TRANSMIT WHATEVER WE WISH DIRECTLY INTO MILLIONS OF HUMAN BRAINS.
AND IN RETURN, AS WE AGREED...?
TSK!


YOUR REACH WILL AT LAST EQUAL YOUR GRASP. TRAVEL WITH ME, AND WORLD UPON WORLD WILL BOW BEFORE THE GENIUS OF OTTO OCTAVIUS...
...LEAVING THIS UNGRATEFUL MUDBALL BEHIND.
EXCELLENT.

NOTHIN'?
NOT YET.
PERHAPS OCTOPUS WENT BACK TO *NEW YORK*--

=HNNGH!=

SUPERMAN!

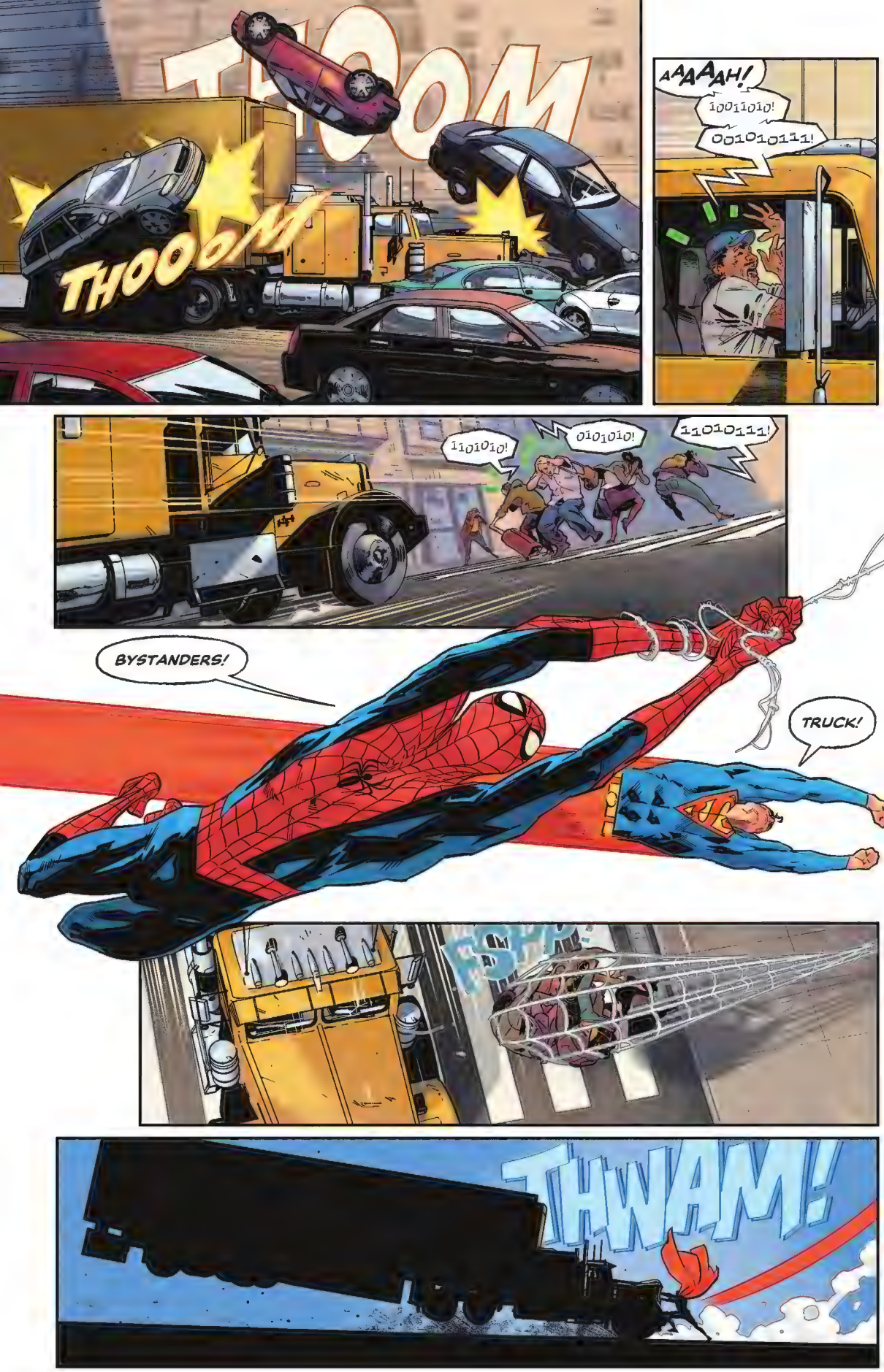
I THOUGHT YOU AND GRAVITY HAD AN *ARRANGEMENT!*

YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO. YOUR FRIEND IS *HERE,* ALL RIGHT. AND SO IS THE *KRYPTONITE.*
I CAN FEEL IT IN...THE AIR?
...*CUT* WITH SOMETHING...
IT'S *FAINT*...
...BUT IT'S *PAINFUL.* IT'S--

FAST NEUTRONS.

WHEREVER OCK'S *HIDING,* HE'S LITERALLY *BROADCASTING* ON A *K-RADIATION BAND!*
NO OFFENSE, BUT WHY IS HE GOING AFTER *YOU* INSTEAD OF *ME?*

PETER-- I DON'T THINK THIS IS *ABOUT* ME.
Thoom!
THOOM!


THOOM
THOOOM
AAAAAH!
1001101010!
0010101111!
1101010!
0101010!
11010111!
BYSTANDERS!
TRUCK!
THWAM!

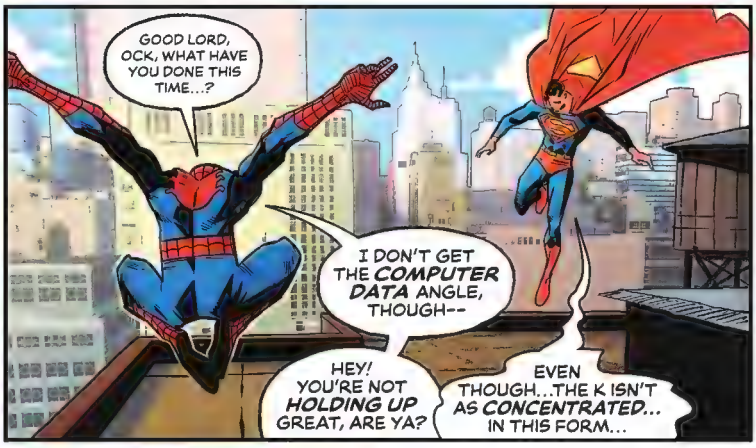
NO ONE'S DOING ANYTHING BUT SUFFERING!
THEY'RE IN TOO MUCH PAIN!
01010101!
01010101!
THEY'RE ALL IN TRANSMISSION RANGE!
SOMETHING ABOUT THE SIGNA10100101--
10101111!

--AAAH!
CONCENTRATE!
IT'S POUNDING AT MY HEAD, TOO!
SNAP OUT OF IT!
GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT!
OCK'S USING THE K-RADIATION TO DUMP SOME SORT OF DATA OVERRIDE INTO EVERYONE'S BRAIN--

--AND IT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER METROPOLIS!
NNNH!
NN0010101!
10010!
10010!
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
Exclusive to the Daily Planet
After Superman thwarted a mass breakout at Stryker's island yesterday, prison officials hav01010010101010001010101110101010010101010101

THWIPP

0101110
GYAAAH!

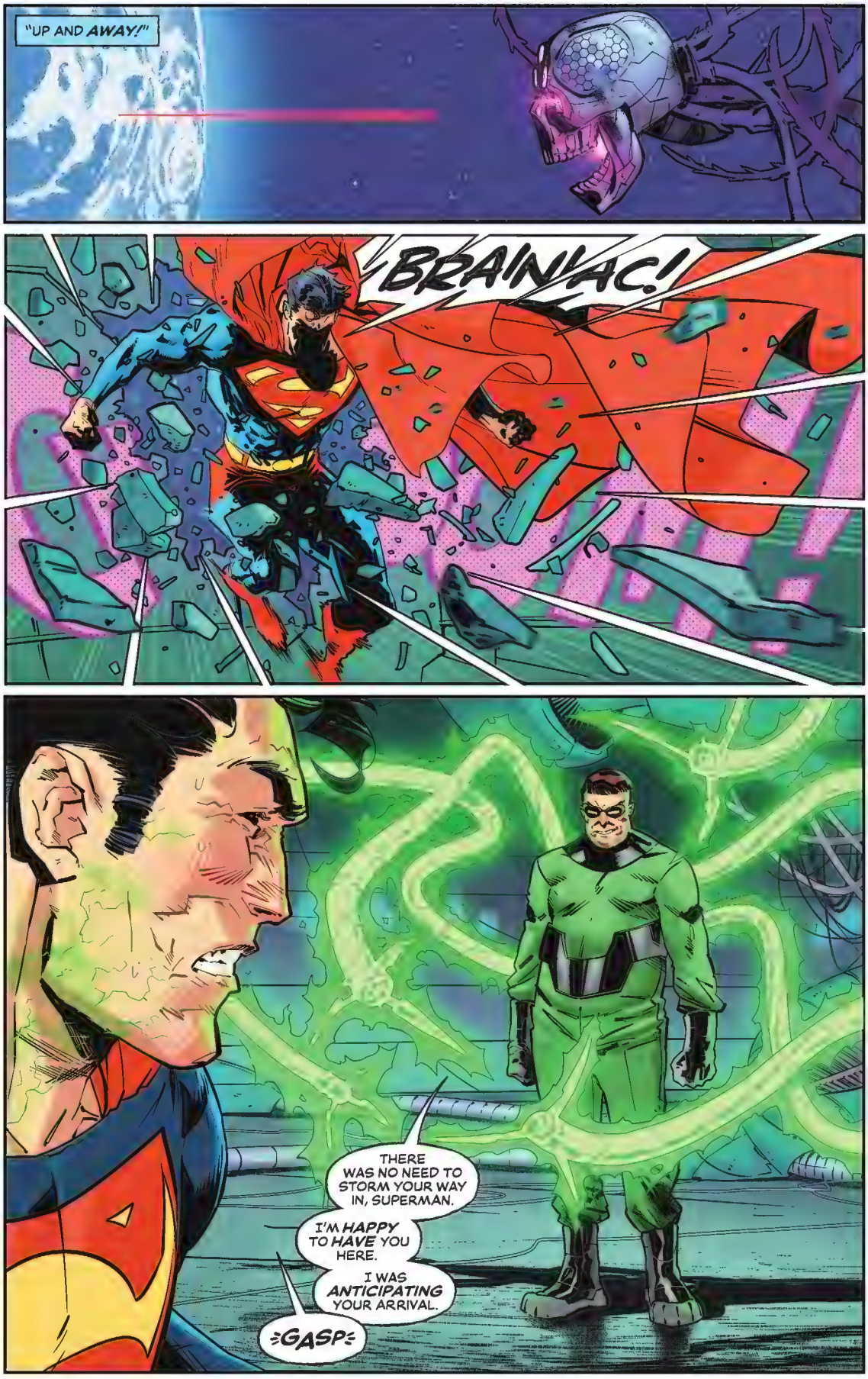

GOOD LORD, OCK, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE THIS TIME...?
I DON'T GET THE COMPUTER DATA ANGLE, THOUGH--
HEY! YOU'RE NOT HOLDING UP GREAT, ARE YA?
EVEN THOUGH...THE K ISN'T AS CONCENTRATED... IN THIS FORM...

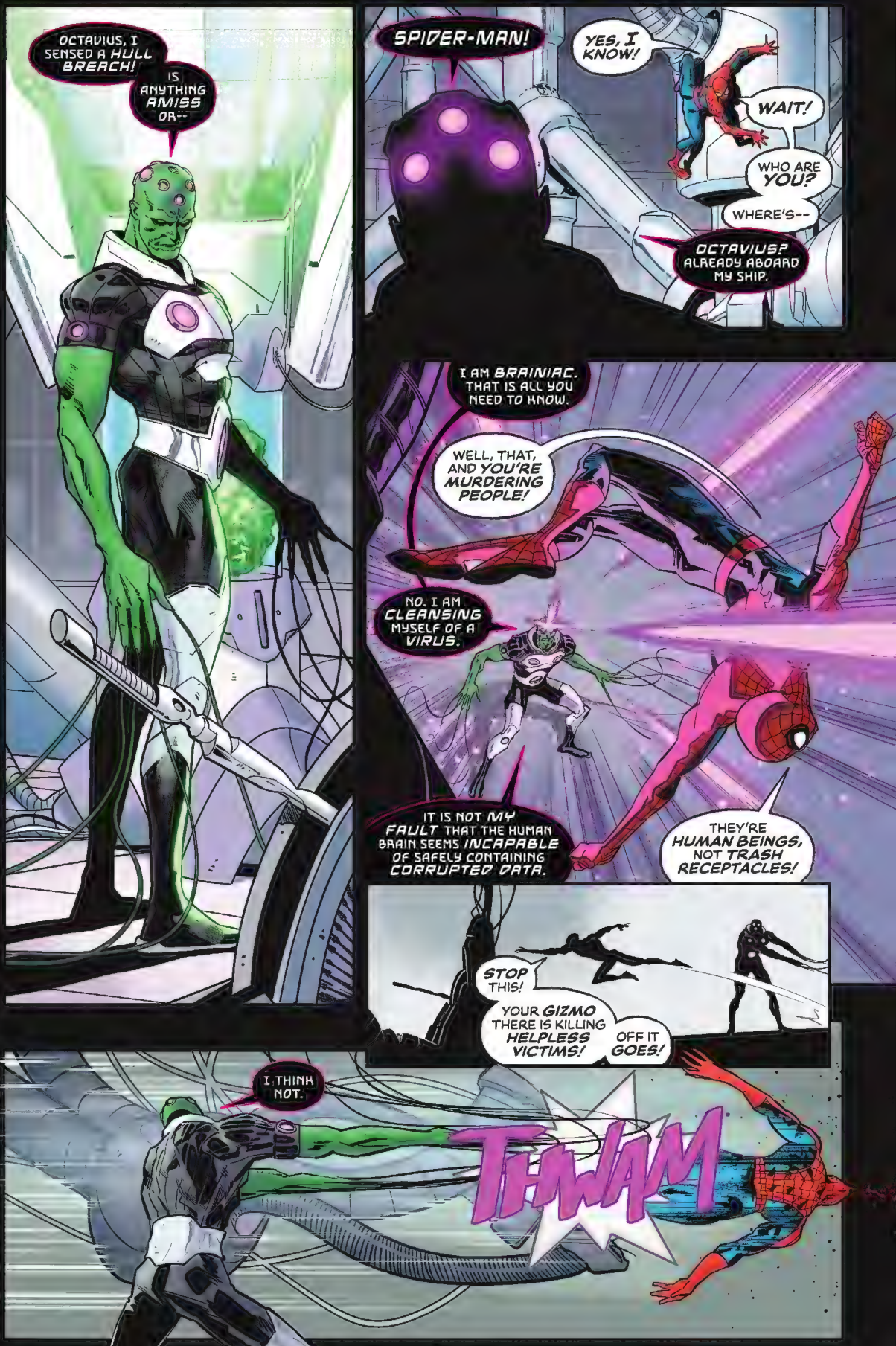
...THE LONGER... I STAY IN THE CITY...
...THE WEAKER I GET...!
AND I'M STILL STRUGGLING TO FOCUS!
WE HAVE TO FIND THAT GREEN ROCK PRONTO!

YOU GOT ANY X-RAY VISION LEFT IN YOU?
I... THINK SO. I--

"GREAT SCOTT."
01010101!
11010111!
11010101!
HOW MANY?
THREE INSIDE, NO FIREFIGHTERS TO HELP!
LET'S GO!
HANG ON! I'VE GOT SPIDER-SENSE TO WARN ME IF THE ROOF STARTS TO CAVE IN!
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, LOOK LIKE A SNEEZE COULD DROP YOU!
YOU COULD BURN!
I'M GOING IN. FULL STOP.
HOWEVER--
"--IF YOU WANT TO PROVIDE ME A LITTLE INSURANCE--
"--I'LL TAKE IT."
COME WITH ME!
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
TRUST ME!
I DO THIS FOR A LIVING!
KRAK
UH-OH.

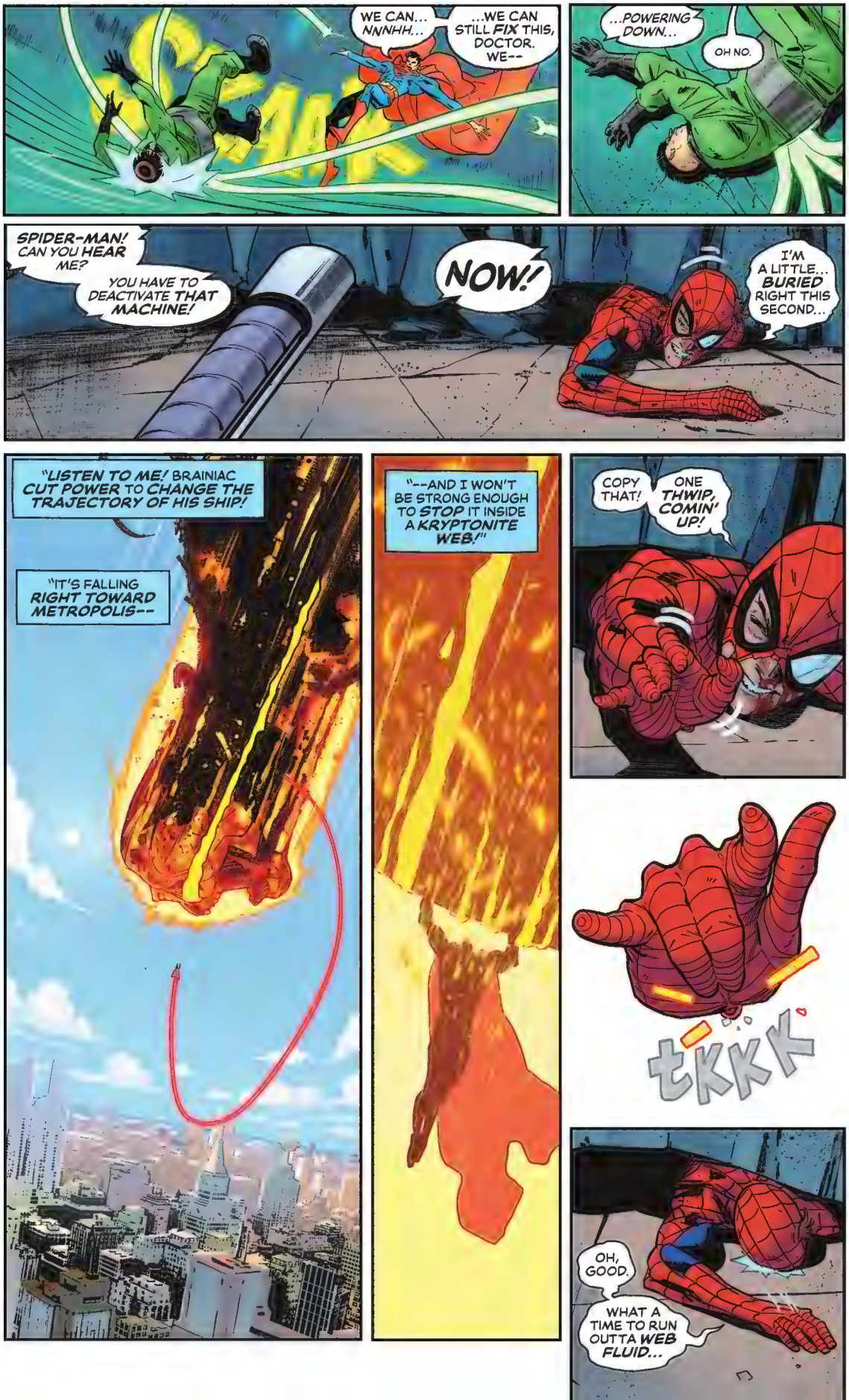
WNEFF
WOW.
EVEN HIS BREATH SMELLS LIKE SANDALWOOD.
THAT'S EVERYONE!
101001010 011KK--!
GOOD, 'CAUSE THE CRISES ARE STACKING UP!
THESE TWO ARE HAVING SEIZURES!
WE HAVE TO GET THEM TO A HOSPITAL!
00101AA AAAA--!
WE'RE TOO LATE. I'M AFRAID THEY'RE GONE.
THIS DATAST10100-- DATA STREAM-- ISN'T JUST DISTRACTING-- IT'S FATAL.
OH MY GOD1010--
--MY GOD.
THIS ISN'T OCK'S M.O. MAYBE HE'S GOT A PARTNER?
WHO ELSE TRAFFICS IN RAW DATA?
I KNOW WHO.
I SEE THE BROADCAST DEVICE IN A LAB THREE BLOCKS NORTH.
SHUT OCTOPUS DOWN.
I'LL DEAL WITH HIS ALLY.
WAIT! ARE YOU IN ANY SHAPE TO FLY?
WHERE CAN YOU GO TO GET OUT OF THE KRYPTONITE'S RANGE?
KROOM!!
UP!


"UP AND AWAY!"
BRAINIAC!
THERE WAS NO NEED TO STORM YOUR WAY IN, SUPERMAN.
I'M HAPPY TO HAVE YOU HERE.
I WAS ANTICIPATING YOUR ARRIVAL.
GASP


OCTAVIUS, I SENSED A HULL BREACH!
IS ANYTHING AMISS OR--
SPIDER-MAN!
YES, I KNOW!
WAIT!
WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE'S--
OCTAVIUS? ALREADY ABOARD MY SHIP.
I AM BRAINIAC. THAT IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.
WELL, THAT, AND YOU'RE MURDERING PEOPLE!
NO. I AM CLEANSING MYSELF OF A VIRUS.
IT IS NOT MY FAULT THAT THE HUMAN BRAIN SEEMS INCAPABLE OF SAFELY CONTAINING CORRUPTED DATA.
THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS, NOT TRASH RECEPTACLES!
STOP THIS!
YOUR GIZMO THERE IS KILLING HELPLESS VICTIMS!
OFF IT GOES!
I THINK NOT.
THWAM

AAAAGGH!
WHILE BRAINIAC WENT TO CLOSE AFFAIRS, I TOOK... PRECAUTIONS.
WOULD THAT I HAD TIME TO MORE ACCURATELY SYNTHESIZE KRYPTONITE...
...BUT THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO END YOU.
FORGET... ME!
YOU'RE SLAUGHTERING... THOUSANDS!
YOU DON'T... WANT THIS, DOCTOR!
YOU'RE NOT LIKE BRAINIAC!
YOU DON'T KNOW ME.
I CAN CALCULATE YOUR NEXT MOVE. EVERY TIME.
I AM YOUR DOOM.
BRAK
NO!
I READ ABOUT YOU... BEFORE THE ACCIDENT THAT TURNED YOU...! IT'S NOT TOO LATE... TO REFORM...!
CLARK KENT...WROTE AN ARTICLE YEARS AGO. CALLED YOU...BRILLIANT. ANOTHER... EINSTEIN.
POW
YOU...
...YOU REMEMBER THAT...?

WHAM!
SPIDER-SENSE BEATS MATH!
NYAH, NYAH!
INCREDIBLE!
YOUR REFLEXES--
KHOOM
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY!
WITH GREAT POWER COMES GREAT RESPONSE ABILITY!
HEY!
I'M NOT ASKING FOR TROUBLE, BUT IF YOU'RE GONNA FIGHT, SHOULDN'T YOU BE PUNCHING ME?
IS THAT A SURRENDER?
HARDLY.
I AM ESTIMATING THE STRESS POINTS OF THE BUILDING--
KRAKATHOOM!
--AND THE FORCE NECESSARY TO BRING IT DOWN!
MY WORK HERE IS DONE.
UPLOADING CONSCIOUSNESS TO BETELGEUSE OUTPOST...
...NNNNHH...


WE CAN... NNNHH...
...WE CAN STILL FIX THIS, DOCTOR. WE--
...POWERING DOWN...
OH NO.
SPIDER-MAN! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YOU HAVE TO DEACTIVATE THAT MACHINE!
NOW!
I'M A LITTLE... BURIED RIGHT THIS SECOND...
"LISTEN TO ME! BRAINIAC CUT POWER TO CHANGE THE TRAJECTORY OF HIS SHIP!
"IT'S FALLING RIGHT TOWARD METROPOLIS--
"--AND I WON'T BE STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP IT INSIDE A KRYPTONITE WEB!"
COPY THAT!
ONE THWIP, COMIN' UP!
tKKK
OH, GOOD.
WHAT A TIME TO RUN OUTTA WEB FLUID...

YOU CAN DO THIS, PETER!
C'MON, SPIDEY...
...THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE BEEN BURIED UNDER RUBBLE!
PUSH!
NNNGHH!
I BELIEVE IN YOU!
NNNHHH!
NO, NO, NO...
...AN EXTINCTION-LEVEL EVENT WAS NOT ON MY CALENDAR...
COME--ON--!
TSK
TSK
GNNN--NN--GGGYY--

-AAAAAH!
SHAK!

WE DID IT, PARTNER.
NO...NO BOOM...?
NO BOOM.

NICE WORK, KID. YOU'RE GOOD.
THIS IS FRONT-PAGE STUFF.
KENT, GET MR. PARKER TO PAYROLL SO HE CAN CASH HIS VOUCHER.
AND PETER--YOU AND YOUR CAMERA ARE WELCOME AT THE DAILY PLANET ANYTIME.
MAYBE YOU CAN GIVE OLSEN SOME TIPS.
WOW! THANKS, MR. WHITE!
SO...MANY... ZEROES...!
...
MANAGING EDITOR
WHAT? AGAIN WITH THE DRAMATIC PAUSE! OUT WITH IT! WHAT'S EATING YOU?
PETE, I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU HOW TO LIVE YOUR LIFE, BUT...
BUT.
YOU'VE SPENT YEARS SELLING SPIDER-MAN PICTURES TO J. JONAH "SPIDER-MAN: THREAT OR MENACE?" JAMESON...
...KNOWING FULL WELL THAT THEY WERE BEING USED TO PROMOTE HATEFUL "NEWS" ABOUT YOU THAT WASN'T TRUE. WHY?
TWO POINTS.
FIRST, THE ONLY PERSON IT HURT WAS ME.
THAT'S ALSO THE TRUTH.
SECOND, YOU'RE MISSING THE PUNCHLINE!
ALL THAT TIME, JAMESON HAD NO IDEA HE WAS PAYING FOR SPIDER-MAN TO GO TO COLLEGE!
TOUCHÉ.

ALL THAT SAID, IT MUST BE NICE TO OPERATE IN A CITY THAT LOVES YOU.
THE FEELING IS MUTUAL.
THAT HELPS.
LIFT HOME?
SO POLITE. NO WONDER MY AUNT HAS A CRUSH ON YOU.
DON'T TELL LOIS.
OFF WE GO.
FOR THE LAST FERSHLUGGINER TIME--
THWIP!
--SLOW DOWN!
HOW ABOUT PLAYING TOUR GUIDE FIRST?
SEEMS THE LEAST I CAN DO.
SHALL WE START AT THE SUPERMAN MUSEUM?
YOU'RE KILLIN' ME.
END

2016
AFTER
ROSS ANDRU

FEATURING...

LOIS LANE & MARY JANE

"THE WORLD'S FINEST"
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JIM LEE *PENCILLER*
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SUPERBOY-PRIME & THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

SUPERBOY & SPIDER-MAN 2099

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JONATHAN KENT & BEN PARKER

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ARIANA MAHER *LETTERER*

Daily Planet & DAILY BUGLE

POWER GIRL & THE PUNISHER

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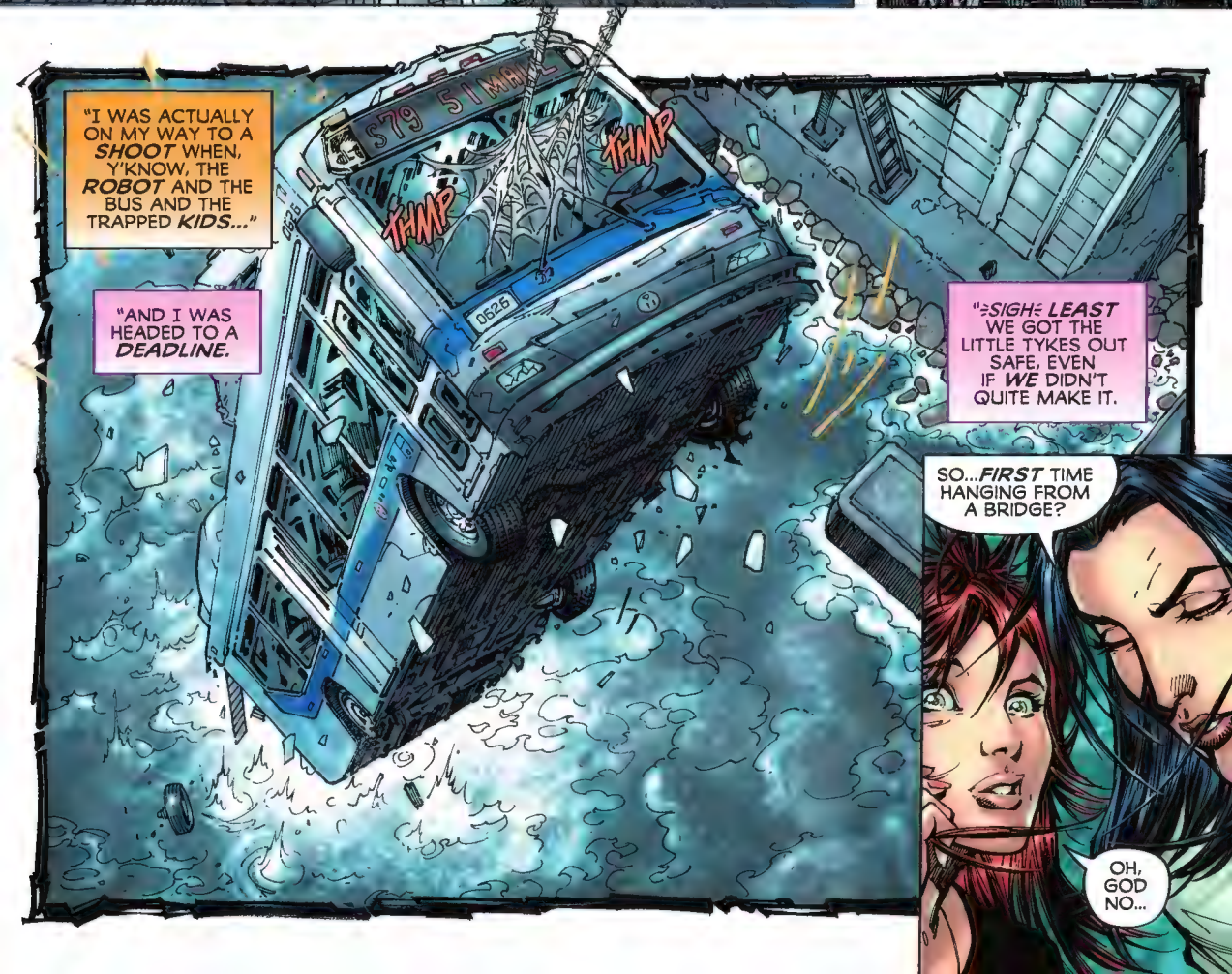
KENNY LOPEZ, RANDY MAYOR *DESIGNERS*
SANDY ALONZO *PUBLICATION PRODUCTION*
EDDY CHOI *VARIANT COVER MANAGER*
MARIE JAVINS *EDITOR*

LOIS, BEEN A SECOND. HOW'RE THINGS?
EH, Y'KNOW HOW IT IS, MARY JANE. SAME OLD, SAME OLD. HOW ABOUT YOU?

THWIPP
THWIPP
"PRETTY GOOD. I'M STILL A HUGE FAN. I READ YOUR ARTICLES RELIGIOUSLY."
"WHAT? NO. I'M YOUR FAN. EVERY MAGAZINE I GET NOW HAS YOU ON THE COVER."


"I WAS ACTUALLY ON MY WAY TO A SHOOT WHEN, Y'KNOW, THE ROBOT AND THE BUS AND THE TRAPPED KIDS..."
"AND I WAS HEADED TO A DEADLINE.
THMP
THMP
"=SIGH= AT LEAST WE GOT THE LITTLE TYKES OUT SAFE, EVEN IF WE DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT.
SO...FIRST TIME HANGING FROM A BRIDGE?
OH, GOD NO...

"I MEAN, BRIDGES FEEL LIKE *OLD* FRIENDS AT THIS POINT.
"I'VE ALSO HUNG OFF PLANES, A *FEW* TRUCKS, THE SUBWAY... *DIMENSIONAL PORTALS,* OBVIOUSLY..."
248
DC COMICS & MARVEL COMICS PRESENT
THE WORLD'S FINEST
LOIS LANE • MARY JANE
WRITTEN BY TOM KING
PENCILS BY JIM LEE
INKS BY SCOTT WILLIAMS
COLORS BY ALEX SINCLAIR
LETTERS BY PAT BROSSEAU

CRAKK
UGH. PORTALS ARE THE WORST.
ALWAYS FILLED WITH SUCH RANDOM $@$@.
DON'T GET ME STARTED. SPENT HALF MY LIFE WITH OTHER MES.
AND LITERALLY ALL OF THEM ARE LIKE, "FACE IT, TIGER...YOU HIT THE JACKPOT!"
I GET IT. I SAID SOMETHING COOL WHEN I WAS NINETEEN. IS THAT REALLY MY ENTIRE IDENTITY ACROSS THE MULTI-VERSE?
AH, BUT LET ME ASK YOU THIS, YOU EVER DIED?
WHAT? LIKE THIS MONTH?
SURE, A COUPLE OF TIMES. BUT NOT REALLY ANY BIG, SERIOUS ONES.
MARY JANE! I WAS SO WORRIED! IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO YOU...
I COULDN'T GO ON.
UH, NOT TO SPOIL A MOMENT, BUT THERE'S A WHOLE GIANT KILLER ROBOT BEATING ON MY SUPERMAN THAT YOU MIGHT WANT TO...
...GO ON TO, SPIDER-MAN.
HE'S NOT USUALLY... HE'S GOT A THING WITH BRIDGES.
THERE WAS AN OLD COLLEGE GIRLFRIEND HE CAN'T EVER QUITE... Y'KNOW...
OH, I KNOW.
BELIEVE ME.

"I DIDN'T THINK SPIDER-MAN WAS A MUTANT."
"HE'S NOT."
"HUH. NEITHER IS SUPERMAN. WHY'S A SENTINEL GOING AFTER THEM?"
"IN MY EXPERIENCE, PE--SPIDEY HAS A WAY OF GETTING EVERYONE ELSE'S TROUBLE."
"SO THERE'S LIKELY SOMEONE ELSE HERE THE SENTINEL IS CHASING."
OUCH
"I DO HAVE THE POWER TO DRIVE A LOT OF GOBLINS OVER THE EDGE..."
"AND I CAN MISSPELL MOST WORDS, BUT I DON'T THINK THAT'S ENOUGH...
"SO, I GUESS WE SHOULD PROBABLY FIND THE MISSING WHOEVER AND FIX ALL THIS."
"BUT THE BOYS ARE HAVING SO MUCH FUN, WITH ALL THE PUNCHING AND FASTBALL SPECIALING..."
"TRUE. SHAME TO RUIN IT. BUT STILL, I DO HAVE THAT DEADLINE."
"AND I GOT THE SHOOT. ALL RIGHT, LET'S FIGURE IT OUT. TSK. POOR BOYS."

EXCUSE ME, SIR, WE CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE EVERYONE ELSE HAS RUN AWAY FROM THE KILLER ROBOT.
EXCEPT US.
EXCEPT US. AND YOU.
AND, YOU.
IT IS NOT A KILLER ROBOT.
AAAA!
"IT IS A SENTINEL-248. INVULNERABLE, INDESTRUCTIBLE.
"ONLY WAY TO DAMAGE IT IS TO HIT IT WITH KINETIC ENERGY IN DOZENS OF AREAS OF WEAKNESS ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY.
IF I COULD FIND...DAMMIT! IN ONE OF THESE CARS THERE MUST BE...
THEY WERE IN MY HAND, AND THE BRIDGE CRACKED, AND THEY WENT INTO THE WATER.
MES CARTES MAUDIT!
"C'EST FRANÇAIS, NON? MAIS AVEC UN ACCENT CAJUN?
"AND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME... CARDS?"
THERE'S A GUARD AT STRYKER'S ISLAND WHO PLAYS ME HIGH CARD FOR DETAINEE ACCESS.
GOT A PACK IN MY BAG--YOU NEVER KNOW. YOU WANT THOSE?
MES CHERIES...
HARRAS

MONSIEUR SENTINEL! JUST TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL:

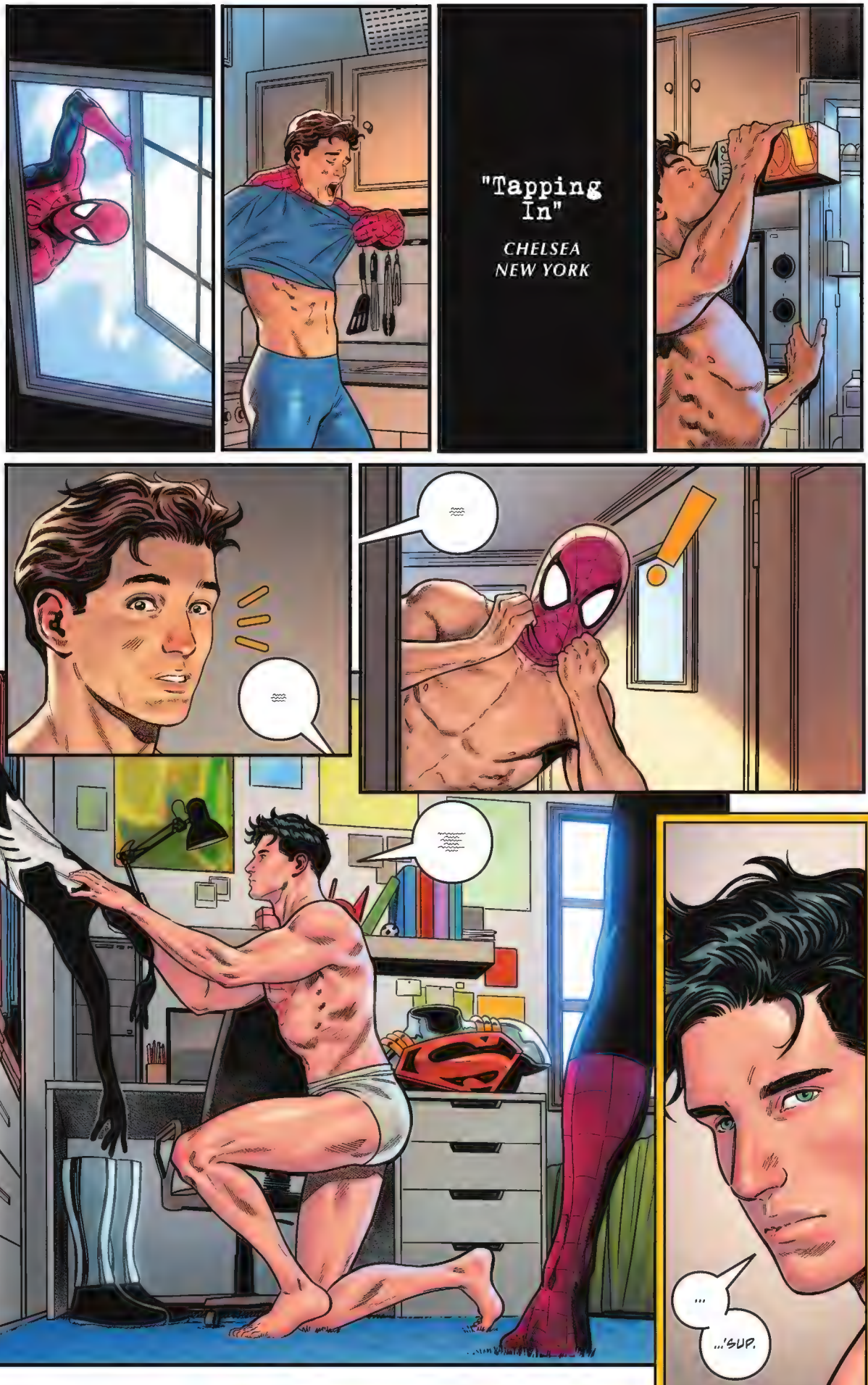
CEBULSKI PARKWAY EAST

...BANG...

...YOU DEAD.

IT'S AN ODD LIFE. *THRILLING.* I'M ALWAYS *HANGING* FROM SOMETHING, *FIGHTING* SOMETHING.
BUT IT CAN BE...
LONELY.
NO ONE UNDERSTANDS WHY I DON'T JUST *RUN* AWAY FROM ALL OF IT.
WHY WHEN YOU'VE FALLEN FOR A *STUBBORN* MAN IN BLUE AND RED TIGHTS. YOU CAN'T RUN.
NO, NOT WHEN HE *NEEDS* YOU. AND HE *ALWAYS* NEEDS YOU.
ALMOST AS ALWAYS AS *YOU* NEED *HIM.*
IT'S GOOD THAT *SOMEWHERE* OUT THERE SOMEONE'S GOING THROUGH IT TOO.
IT'S A *UNIQUE* KIND OF LOVE. IT'S NICE TO *SHARE* IT.
IT WAS AN *HONOR* SAVING THE DAY WITH YOU, *LOIS LANE.*
THE *HONOR* WAS MINE, *MARY JANE.*

GAMBIT?
HE WAS PRETTY NICE.
AND NICELY PRETTY.
PRETTY?
SO...DID YOU FELLOWS HAVE A GOOD TIME?
IT'S NOT FUN, LOIS. IT'S OUR DUTY.
YEAH, MR. SUPERMAN IS RIGHT. WE'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHO WE, Y'KNOW, LOVE.
AND ISN'T THAT THE JACKPOT, TIGER.
WELL, THANK YOU BOTH FOR SETTING THE WORLD RIGHT ONCE AGAIN.
YES, MY DEARS, WHATEVER WOULD WE DO WITHOUT YOU.
DAT'S ALL, LES AMIS!
THE END


"Tapping In"
CHELSEA
NEW YORK
...
...'SUP.

SUPERBOY-PRIME
&
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
MY... COSTUME? YOU BROKE INTO MY PLACE TO TALK TO...A COSTUME--?!
WHO DOES THAT?! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU KNOW--
I'M A FAN. I READ ABOUT YOU.
"READ"... WHERE...?
SECRET WARS!
WHERE YOU GOT THAT LIVING SYMBIOTE COSTUME.
GUESS I'M A COUPLE ISSUES LATE. THIS LOOKS LIIIKE... AROUND ASM #263!
BY THEN, YOU'D DITCHED THE SYMBIOTE AFTER IT WENT ROGUE.
SO NOW I NEED YOU TO TAP IN.
PAGES
PRIEST
script
DANIEL SAMPERE
art
WILLIE SCHUBERT
letters
ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ
color

"TAP IN" TO WHAT?!
TO THE REAL WORLD! WHERE I'M FROM...
...A "POCKET" UNIVERSE CREATED JUST FOR ME.
CHECK. NOW, DID YOUR "POCKET" COME WITH THE TINFOIL HAT, OR WAS THAT EXTRA--?
KEEP IT A HUNNERT...?
...TECH-NICALLY, SPIDEY, YOU DON'T EXIST.
YOUR WHOLE WORLD IS IN A COMIC BOOK INSIDE A LONG BOX IN MY ATTIC.
I'M NOT REAL.
FACTS.
YHK! YHK!
YET I'M STILL GETTING BILLED FOR HBO.
WHAAAMM!
BEEN READING YOUR STORIES FOR YEARS, RAISED BY YOUR AUNTIE AND UNCLE...
...DEAD-END GIG WORKER FOR THE BUGLE.
WHEN MY POWERS DEVELOPED, I MODELED MYSELF AFTER MY HERO--SUPERMAN.
YEAH, WELL, WHEN I WAS EIGHT, I WANTED TO BE A FIREMAN. BUT LATER REALIZED...
...FIRE IS SCARY. I ACTUALLY JUST WANTED A RIDE ON THE TRUCK. SO, MAYBE ASK YOURSELF--
--ARE YOU REALLY TRYING TO HELP PEOPLE, OR DO YOU JUST WANNA COSPLAY IN YOUR LITTLE OUTFIT--?
LET'S FIND OUT.

I HAVE THE ABILITY TO "PUNCH" THROUGH MULTIVERSE REALITIES.
I'VE TICKED OFF A LOT OF ENTITIES ALONG THE WAY. TOO MANY TO COUNT.
ONE OF THEM, A SPECIES COLLECTOR, BUILT A CAGE FOR ME--
WHICH, LET ME GUESS, YOU'RE ABOUT TO DRAG ME INTO, VERY HEROIC--
HEY... HEY--!
I'VE BEEN STUCK IN THIS CAGE FOR OVER A YEAR NOW.
I THINK I FINALLY FOUND A WAY TO GET HOME!
THE TRAP IS AN ASTRAL PLANE WITHIN A DEPHOSPHORYLATION EVENT...
...A VISUALIZATION PULLED FROM MY OWN MIND.
THOOM!
ZERO-G, BREATHABLE--
STOP THAT!
MY WORLD EXISTS INSIDE ONE OF MILLIONS OF TURNING PAGES.
EACH PAGE REPRESENTS ITS OWN REALITY.
I'M FAST ENOUGH TO GET IN BEFORE THE PAGE TURNS...
...BUT I NEED SURGICAL PRECISION TO PINPOINT WHEN TO JUMP. INSTINCT...
"The Library"

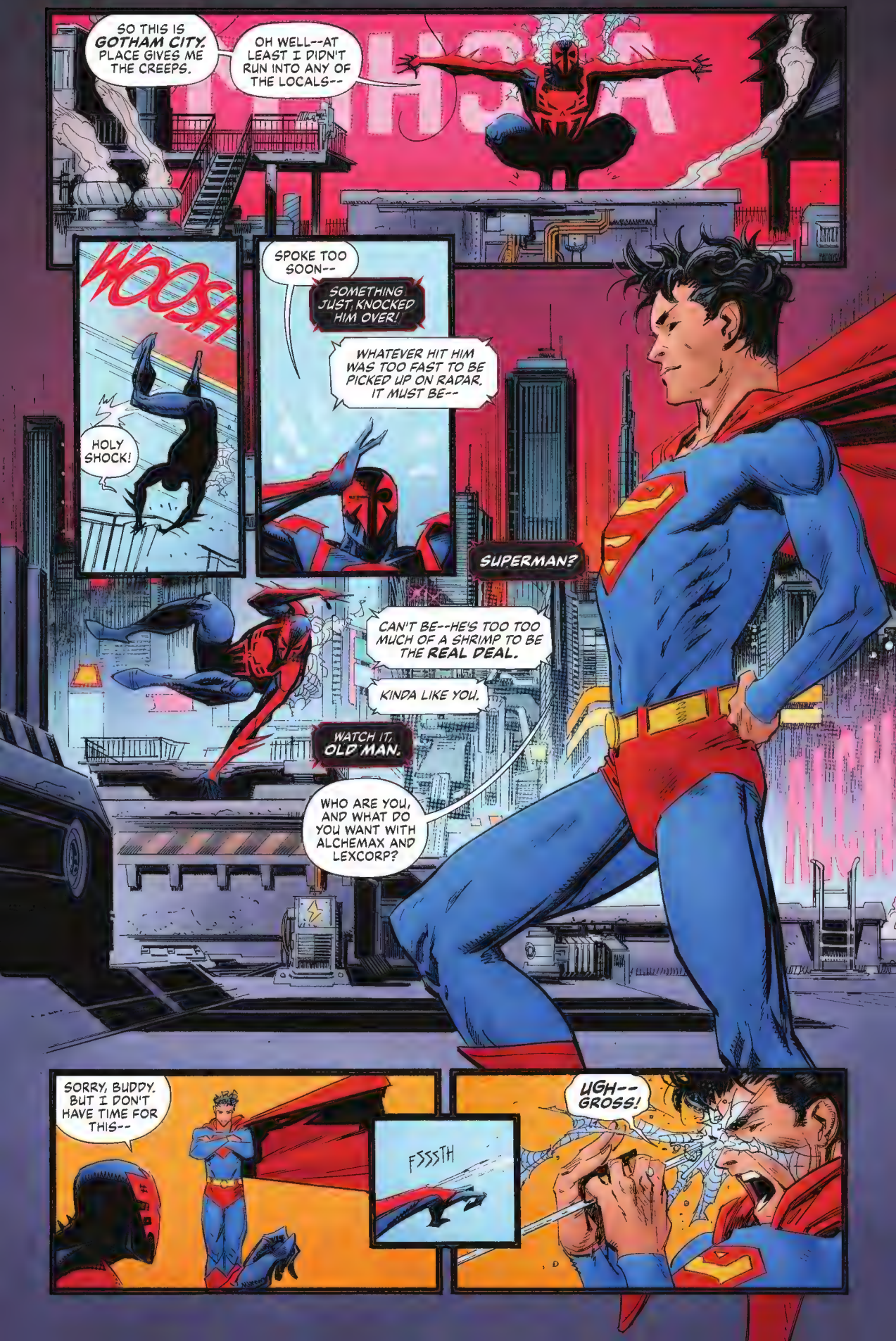
...SPIDER-SENSE.
WITH-OUT YOUR SPIDER-SENSE...
...WE COULD BE STUCK HERE FOREVER.
THWIP!
THWIP!
LOOK, JUNIOR...I'M AS EASYGOING AS THE NEXT DEAD-END GIG WORKER...
...BUT I'M ASSUMING THIS IS ALL A MIDNIGHT PAPAYA-INDUCED NIGHTMARE!
BRO...WAIT-- DON'T ATTACH YOURSELF TO THE PAGE CORNER--
UGGHNN!
...A TIMELY WARNING...
YOU DON'T HAVE MY ABILITY TO TRANSCEND SPACE-TIME!
IF YOU FALL INTO ONE OF THOSE REALITIES--
--YOU'LL BE LOST FOR-EVER!
...
...I'M REALLY TAKING A BURN TO THIS KID...
UGGHNN!
"WHUMMP" ...NEVER A GOOD START...
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME!
YOUR MOUTH-WASH HAS FAILED!
SORRY... THOUGHT WE WERE STATING THE OBVIOUS... HEY...
...HAVEN'T WE MET...?* THE...
HIGH EVOLUTIONARY?!
SOME VERSION OF HIM...
*YES, ASM ANNUAL #18. --MARIE

...IS THE ARCHITECT OF THIS MOUSE-TRAP!
ALL RIGHT, EVO, I GET IT...
...I CRASHED YOUR LATEST "CITADEL OF SCIENCE"... FREED YOUR "EXPERI-MENTS."
TO MAKE AMENDS...I'VE BROUGHT YOU A NEW SUBJECT!
THE PROCESS OF PERFECTION IS ARDUOUS AND NEVER-ENDING.
GO... AND TRESPASS NO MORE! HOWEVER...
...WAIT FOR IT...
...THE HUMAN ARACHNID STAYS.
EVERY TIME.
WAIT, I GET IT NOW--
--YOU WANTED TO BRING THE SYM-BIOTE HERE... FOR EVO'S COLLECTION!
--BUT NOW YOU'RE... SELLING ME OUT INSTEAD?!
BEEN TRAPPED A YEAR, PETE.
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT...I'M NOT A HERO.
MAYBE I JUST WANT TO RIDE THE TRUCK.
THWIP!
SORRY, YOUR HIGH 'LUTION-NESS--
--I CAN'T COSIGN SPARKY'S DEAL!
THWIP!
DESPITE WHAT THAT KID THINKS, I ACTUALLY DO EXIST.
I HOPE.
APPARENTLY.
MUCH AS I MIGHT ENJOY A GENETIC UPGRADE OR, SAY, A SECOND HEAD--
--I'M ONLY HUMAN... FOR NOW.
SSSPLLOOTTCH!
HAVING SAID THAT...
...EXCUSE ME WHILE I FLEE IN TERROR...
THIS WAY--

--FIND THE WEB LINE YOU HITCHED TO THAT TURNING PAGE!
YOU DIDN'T TAKE EVO'S ESCAPE OFFER--?
WOULD YOU?
BUT YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
BRUH, I'VE BEEN A VILLAIN. NEVER BEEN A SIMP.
KID... WAIT--
--I GET IT...
...YOU'RE A LITTLE CONFUSED...
...WEAVING LANES ON THE GOOD GUY/BAD GUY AUTOBAHN.
I'VE BEEN THERE.
BUT, MY UNCLE BEN TAUGHT ME--
I KNOW... "WITH GREAT POWER--"
OH, YEAH, THAT TOO.
WAS GONNA SAY, "STOP FEEDING YOUR VEGGIES TO THE DOG!"
ONE WEB STRAND, PETE...IN A MILLION PAGES!
I'LL ESCAPE THE EVOLUTIONARY SOME OTHER WAY--
OH, BUT NOOO, CAPTAIN CLEARASIL--
--NEITHER OF US IS GOING ANY-WHERE!
NOT WITH EVO STILL OUT THERE "EVOLVING" PEOPLE.
WE CAN'T JUST RUN AWAY.
YOU SAY YOU READ ABOUT ME...
...MAYBE THAT'S HOW YOU KNEW THAT TRUCK DRIVER WOULDN'T BE CRUSHED FOUR PAGES AGO. BUT, THIS--
--NO CLIFFSNOTES FOR THIS MOMENT.
WE MISS OUR CHANCE--WE COULD BOTH BE STUCK HERE!
THWIP!
THWIP!
SPIDEY-- LET ME GO! LET'S JUST TAKE THE "L" AND--
HEY...HEY KID--

--SO LONG AS PEOPLE...EVEN PEOPLE YOU THINK DON'T EXIST...ARE IN DANGER--
--WE CAN'T JUST FEED OUR VEGGIES TO THE DOG.
I GET IT, PRIME. I HEAR YOU--
--FIRE IS SCARY.
...
...YEAH. IT IS. I...
...I'M CLARK.
STAY OUT OF MY CLOSET, CLARK.
THWIP!
LET'S HIT IT.
IF WE TAKE OUT EVO'S "SENTIENT" ARMOR, WE MIGHT HAVE HALF A SHOT AT THIS. IF NOT--
--HE'LL EVOLVE US INTO MOOSE-HEAD MIMES!
PERFECT FOR A DEAD-END GIG WORKER!
LET'S HIT MIDNIGHT PAPAYA AFTER--THE MOST "EVOLVED" PAYS!
FIN!

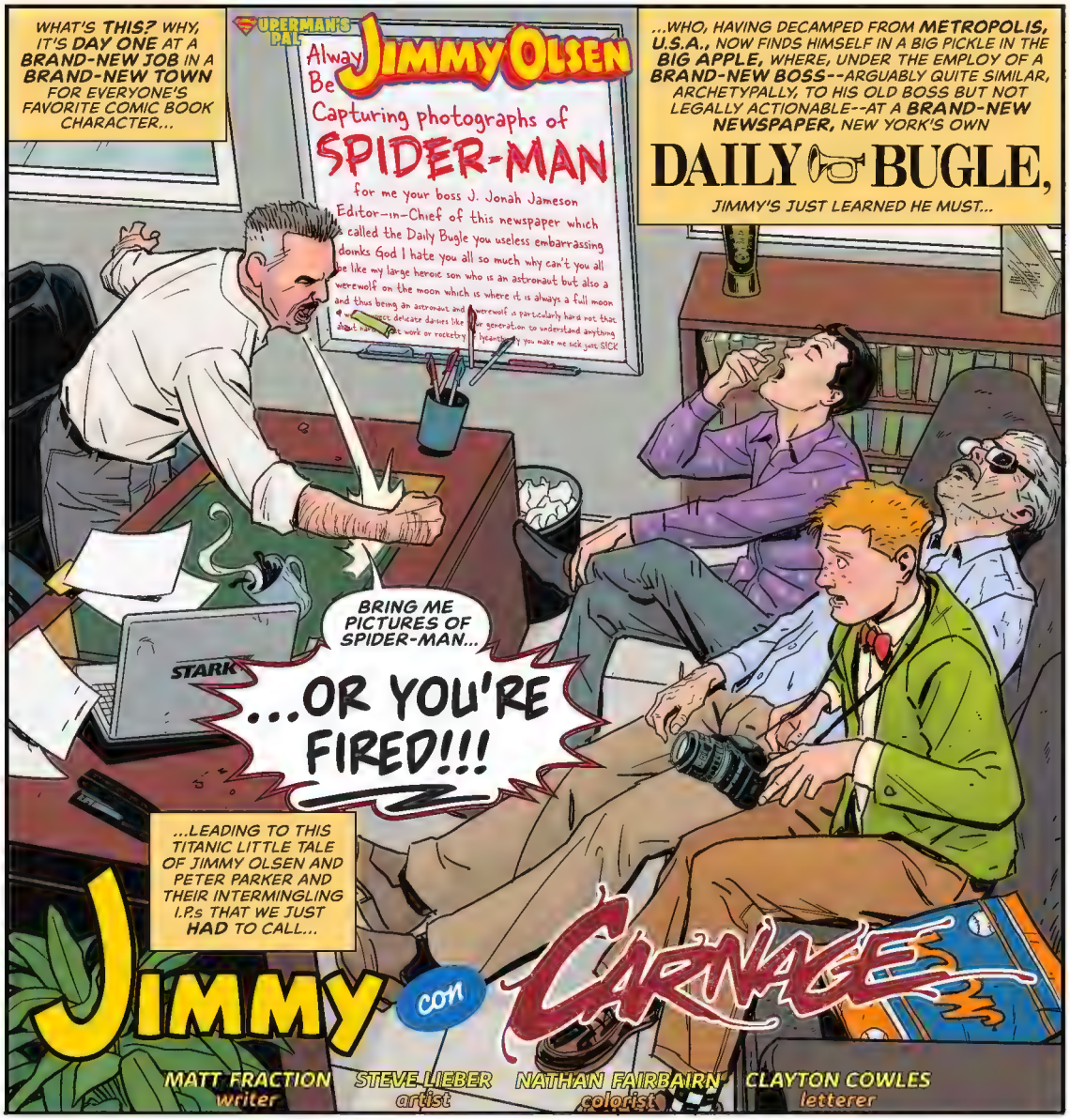
SUPERBOY & SPIDER-MAN 2099
BEYOND THE COBWEBS OF TOMORROW
LEXCORP
BOOM
WHOEVER HE IS, HE JUST WRECKED THREE LEXCORP BUILDINGS IN TWENTY MINUTES.
Story & Art
SEAN MURPHY
Colors
SIMON GOUGH
Lettering
ANDWORLD DESIGN
HARD TO LOCK ONTO HIS MOVEMENT--HE'S FLYING KINDA WEIRD.
HE'S NOT FLYING--HE'S SWINGING. MAYBE WITH A GRAPPLING HOOK.
WHAT'S A GRAPPLING HOOK?
BEFORE YOUR TIME.
IF HE'S GOT A BEEF WITH LEX, THEN MAYBE HE'S ON OUR SIDE!
HE'S PUTTING INNOCENT PEOPLE AT RISK.
BUT HE SAVED THE EMPLOYEES FROM AN EXPLOSION.
AN EXPLOSION HE CAUSED.
WHAT ARE THEY HANGING FROM? CABLES?
Heeelp!
ACCORDING TO THE COMPUTER, IT'S SOME KIND OF WEBBING. I THINK IT'S SAFE TO SAY THIS GUY'S NOT FROM AROUND HERE.
STAY CLOAKED UNTIL WE KNOW MORE.
4
LEONARD! INC.
LOOKS LIKE HIS NEXT TARGET IS ALCHEMAX!


SO THIS IS GOTHAM CITY. PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
OH WELL--AT LEAST I DIDN'T RUN INTO ANY OF THE LOCALS--
WOOSH
HOLY SHOCK!
SPOKE TOO SOON--
SOMETHING JUST KNOCKED HIM OVER!
WHATEVER HIT HIM WAS TOO FAST TO BE PICKED UP ON RADAR. IT MUST BE--
SUPERMAN?
CAN'T BE--HE'S TOO TOO MUCH OF A SHRIMP TO BE THE REAL DEAL.
KINDA LIKE YOU.
WATCH IT, OLD MAN.
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ALCHEMAX AND LEXCORP?
SORRY, BUDDY. BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS--
FSSSTH
UGH--GROSS!

FZZZT
OKAY, LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN--
MY WHOLE FUTURE'S AT STAKE.
SO IF YOU'RE GOING TO STAND IN MY WAY, THEN THAT ENTITLES YOU TO A NUEVA YORK ASS KICKING.
HE KEEPS TALKING ABOUT TIME AND THE FUTURE.
SO?
SO I THINK HE'S A TIME TRAVELER.
SCHWAY!
SAME WITH SUPERBOY--THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY HE'S THE WRONG AGE.
IF YOU'RE GOING AFTER ALCHEMAX AND LEXCORP, THEN WE MIGHT BE ON THE SAME TEAM.
WOOSH
HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T A TRICK? HOW DO I KNOW YOU DON'T WORK FOR DOOM?!
WHO'S DOOM?
OUCH!

UM...
I THINK OUR COVER IS BLOWN.
GREAT-- ANOTHER ONE!
WAIT--
CLASH
--I JUST WANT TO TALK!
SORRY, I CAN'T TALK TO YOU!
THE WAY YOUR TEETH SHOW THROUGH YOUR MASK IS FREAKING ME OUT.
WOOSH
HEY!
SO, YOU'RE THE BATMAN OF THIS TIME PERIOD?
DON'T SAY ANYTHING-- THERE'S STILL A LOT WE DON'T KNOW--
BRUCE-- IS THAT YOU? TALKING THROUGH A RADIO IN THE BATSUIT?
DAMN--I FORGET HE CAN HEAR ME.
FROM WHAT WE CAN GATHER, YOU'RE BOTH TIME TRAVELERS WHO'VE COME TO THE SAME NEXUS POINT.
BUT WHY?
YOU TALK FIRST, WEB-GUY.
WHY ME?
I MIGHT NOT KNOW THIS VERSION OF SUPERMAN, BUT I KNOW HE'S USUALLY ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.

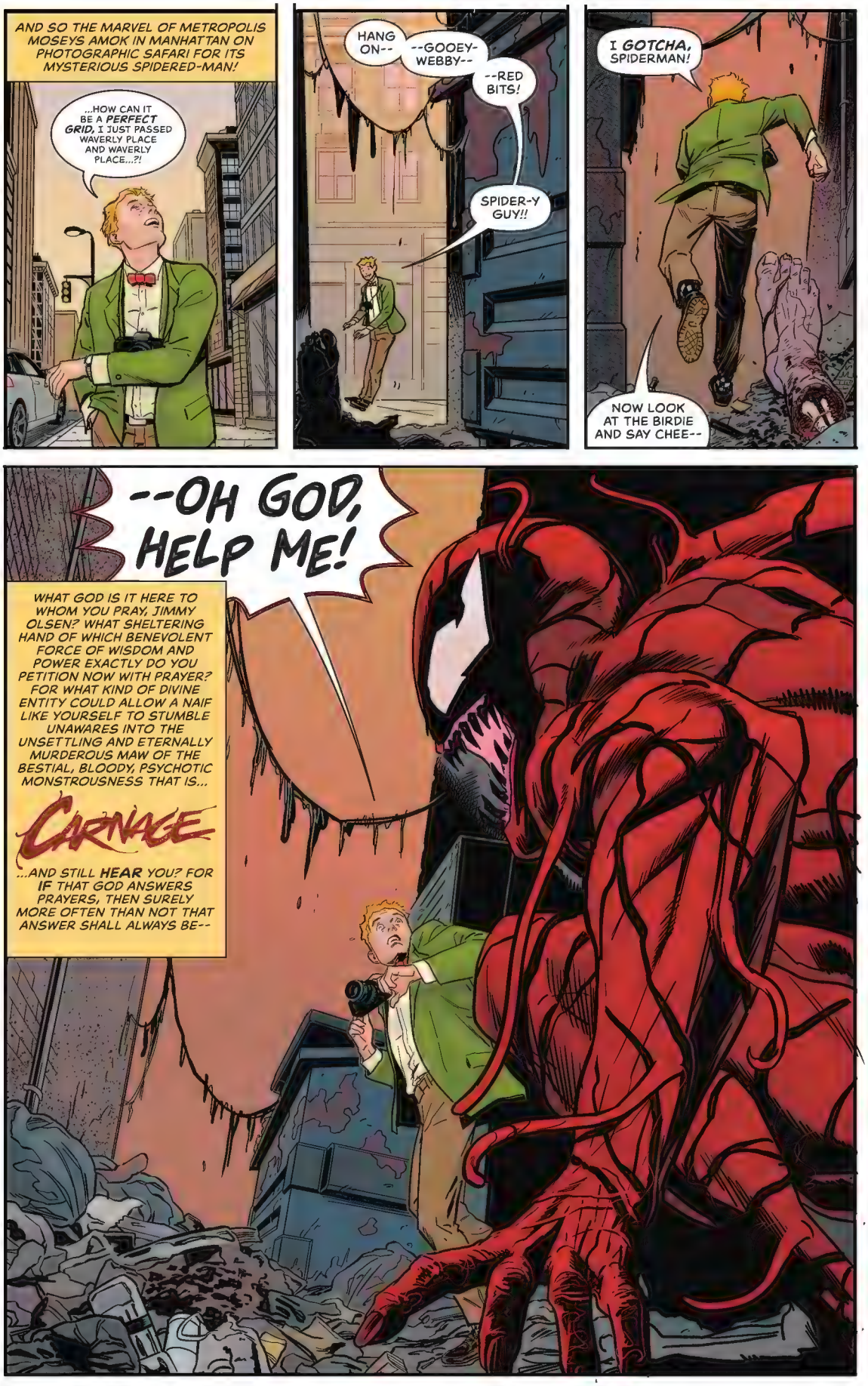
I'M FROM THE YEAR 2099, FROM A WORLD RUN BY A TYRANT NAMED DOOM.
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP HIM WAS TO USE HIS TIME PLATFORM TO COME TO 2039, TO STOP A CORPORATE MERGER THAT WOULD DEVELOP TECHNOLOGY THAT EVENTUALLY EMPOWERS HIM.
LEXCORP AND ALCHEMAX.
UNCANNY HOW SIMILAR OUR STORIES ARE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I CAME FROM THE 30TH CENTURY, FROM A PLACE RULED BY LEX LUTHOR.
USING CYBERNETICS CREATED BY THIS NEW MEGA-CORPORATION, LEX WAS ABLE TO EXTEND HIS LIFE BY MERGING WITH VRIL DOX, CREATING THE BIGGEST THREAT THE LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES HAS EVEN SEEN.
TWO EVIL COMPANIES...
...TWO EVIL FUTURES.
BUT LEX DISAPPEARED INTO THE SOURCE WALL. HE HASN'T BEEN SEEN FOR YEARS.
MY SPIDEY SENSES ARE SENSING A TEAM-UP!
ROAD TRIP.
NOT SO FAST--I THINK TWO OF YOU ARE GONNA NEED HELMETS.
WHY?
BECAUSE THE SOURCE WALL IS IN OUTER SPACE!
END


WHAT'S THIS? WHY, IT'S DAY ONE AT A BRAND-NEW JOB IN A BRAND-NEW TOWN FOR EVERYONE'S FAVORITE COMIC BOOK CHARACTER...
SUPERMAN'S PAL
Always Be JIMMY OLSEN
Capturing photographs of SPIDER-MAN
for me your boss J. Jonah Jameson Editor-in-Chief of this newspaper which called the Daily Bugle you useless embarrassing dumks God I hate you all so much why can't you all be like my large heroic son who is an astronaut but also a werewolf on the moon which is where it is always a full moon and thus being an astronaut and a werewolf is particularly hard not that I expect delicate dorsers like for generation to understand anything about hard work or rocketry I hear that you make me sick just SICK
...WHO, HAVING DECAMPED FROM METROPOLIS, U.S.A., NOW FINDS HIMSELF IN A BIG PICKLE IN THE BIG APPLE, WHERE, UNDER THE EMPLOY OF A BRAND-NEW BOSS--ARGUABLY QUITE SIMILAR, ARCHETYPALLY, TO HIS OLD BOSS BUT NOT LEGALLY ACTIONABLE--AT A BRAND-NEW NEWSPAPER, NEW YORK'S OWN
DAILY BUGLE,
JIMMY'S JUST LEARNED HE MUST...
STARK
BRING ME PICTURES OF SPIDER-MAN...
...OR YOU'RE FIRED!!!
...LEADING TO THIS TITANIC LITTLE TALE OF JIMMY OLSEN AND PETER PARKER AND THEIR INTERMINGLING I.P.s THAT WE JUST HAD TO CALL...
JIMMY con CARNAGE
MATT FRACTION writer
STEVE LIEBER artist
NATHAN FAIRBAIRN colorist
CLAYTON COWLES letterer

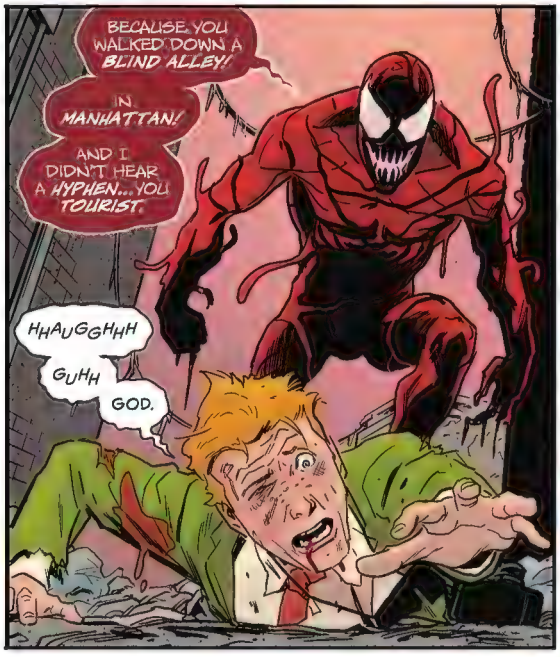
WAIT UP!
CAN I TAG ALONG? I DON'T KNOW MY WAY AROUND THIS CITY YET...
DAILY
HECK, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SPIDERMAN LOOKS LIKE!
IT'S "SPIDER-HYPHEN-MAN," NEW GUY...

SAY IT WITHOUT THE HYPHEN AND EVERYONE'LL THINK YOU'RE A TOURIST, AND BELIEVE ME, YOU DON'T WANT THAT.
MANHATTAN'S A PERFECT GRID. JUST DON'T GO DOWN ANY DARK ALLEYWAYS. AND IF YOU SEE SPIDER-MAN, KEEP SHOOTING.

HE'S THE GOOEY-WEBBY RED-ISH SPIDER-Y GUY--CAN'T MISS HIM!
YOU'RE GONNA DO GREAT, NEW GUY, I CAN FEEL IT.
I WISH I HAD YOUR CONFIDENCE, PETER PIPER!


AND SO THE MARVEL OF METROPOLIS MOSEYS AMOK IN MANHATTAN ON PHOTOGRAPHIC SAFARI FOR ITS MYSTERIOUS SPIDERED-MAN!
...HOW CAN IT BE A PERFECT GRID, I JUST PASSED WAVERLY PLACE AND WAVERLY PLACE...?!
HANG ON--
--GOOEY-WEBBY--
--RED BITS!
SPIDER-Y GUY!!
I GOTCHA, SPIDERMAN!
NOW LOOK AT THE BIRDIE AND SAY CHEE--
--OH GOD, HELP ME!
WHAT GOD IS IT HERE TO WHOM YOU PRAY, JIMMY OLSEN? WHAT SHELTERING HAND OF WHICH BENEVOLENT FORCE OF WISDOM AND POWER EXACTLY DO YOU PETITION NOW WITH PRAYER? FOR WHAT KIND OF DIVINE ENTITY COULD ALLOW A NAIF LIKE YOURSELF TO STUMBLE UNAWARES INTO THE UNSETTLING AND ETERNALLY MURDEROUS MAW OF THE BESTIAL, BLOODY, PSYCHOTIC MONSTROUSNESS THAT IS...
CARNAGE
...AND STILL HEAR YOU? FOR IF THAT GOD ANSWERS PRAYERS, THEN SURELY MORE OFTEN THAN NOT THAT ANSWER SHALL ALWAYS BE--

NNOOOOOOO--
YES!
NOW, WANNA KNOW WHY YOU'RE GONNA DIE??


BECAUSE YOU WALKED DOWN A BLIND ALLEY!
IN MANHATTAN!
AND I DIDN'T HEAR A HYPHEN...YOU TOURIST.
HHAUGGHHH
GUHH
GOD.

ONE-OF-A-KIND
SUPERMAN SIGNAL WATCH!
YUH.
YOU JUST VIOLENTLY DISEMBOWELED THE ONE GUY YOU DON'T VIOLENTLY DISEMBOWEL, DUMMY.
I'M SUPERMAN'S PAL JI--

"FIRMWARE UPDATING"?
OH FUH--

EF LENS
CHHK!

DAILY BUGLE

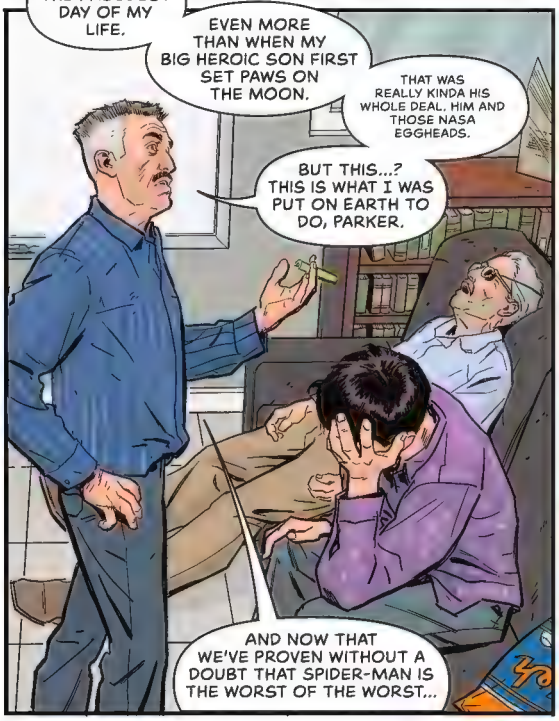
I TOLD YOU SO

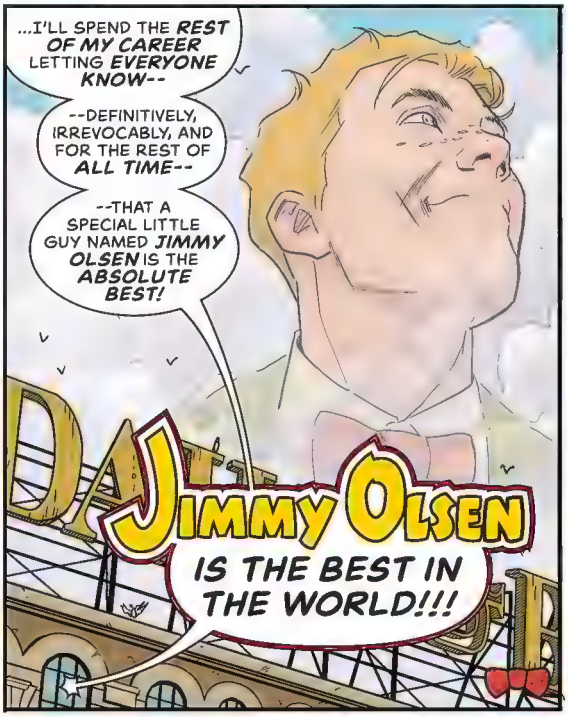
Bugle Pub Jameson: "Spider-Man Both Threat AND Menace"

Paper Mourns Fallen Photog/Tangelo-Maned Tourist J. Bart "Jimmy" Olsen

YORK] Daily Bugle Publisher and staunch
ler-Man critic J. Jonah Jameson welcomed
evidence of the alleged "friendly" neighbor-
ll-crawler as a wild, murder-crazed monster in
of a photograph taken by a regional hire at the
of his death in a dead-end Greenwich Village
sterday.

years probably I have insisted that this so-called
-Man, who I call "Spider-Menace," was not at all
perhero that all of the other rubes and morons in
attan media insisted he was. Many times big men,
g men, grown men would come up to me with
in their eyes, crying and saying, "Please, sir, Mr.
to use the full power of the press
der-Man is a baby-hating hell-
directed the might of my edi-
esenting this view, without
there would always be room for
people on this be-fanged blood


IT'S CALLED JOURNALISM, PARKER. GOOD OLD-FASHIONED, TRUTH-TO-POWER JOURNALISM.
THIS IS THE PROUDEST DAY OF MY LIFE.
EVEN MORE THAN WHEN MY BIG HEROIC SON FIRST SET PAWS ON THE MOON.
THAT WAS REALLY KINDA HIS WHOLE DEAL. HIM AND THOSE NASA EGGHEADS.
BUT THIS...? THIS IS WHAT I WAS PUT ON EARTH TO DO, PARKER.
AND NOW THAT WE'VE PROVEN WITHOUT A DOUBT THAT SPIDER-MAN IS THE WORST OF THE WORST...


...I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY CAREER LETTING EVERYONE KNOW--
--DEFINITIVELY, IRREVOCABLY, AND FOR THE REST OF ALL TIME--
--THAT A SPECIAL LITTLE GUY NAMED JIMMY OLSEN IS THE ABSOLUTE BEST!
DAILY JIMMY OLSEN
IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD!!!

SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS.
JONATHAN KENT
BEN PARKER
THE BRIDGE
WRITER JEFF LEMIRE ARTIST RAFA SANDOVAL
COLORIST ULISES ARREOLA LETTERER BECCA CAREY

"WE'RE NOT SO DIFFERENT, YOU KNOW?"

"REALLY? THE WAY I SEE IT, WE COULDN'T BE MORE DIFFERENT. I MEAN, WE COME FROM DIFFERENT WORLDS."
"SURE, BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY, I SEE A LOT OF MYSELF IN YOU."

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, FELLA?
BEEN BETTER. I WAS JUST DRIVING THROUGH, HEADING BACK TO THE CITY. FORECASTERS CALLED FOR SUNNY SKIES!
THAT'S KANSAS WEATHER FOR YA! YOU DON'T LIKE IT, JUST WAIT AN HOUR AND IT'LL CHANGE!

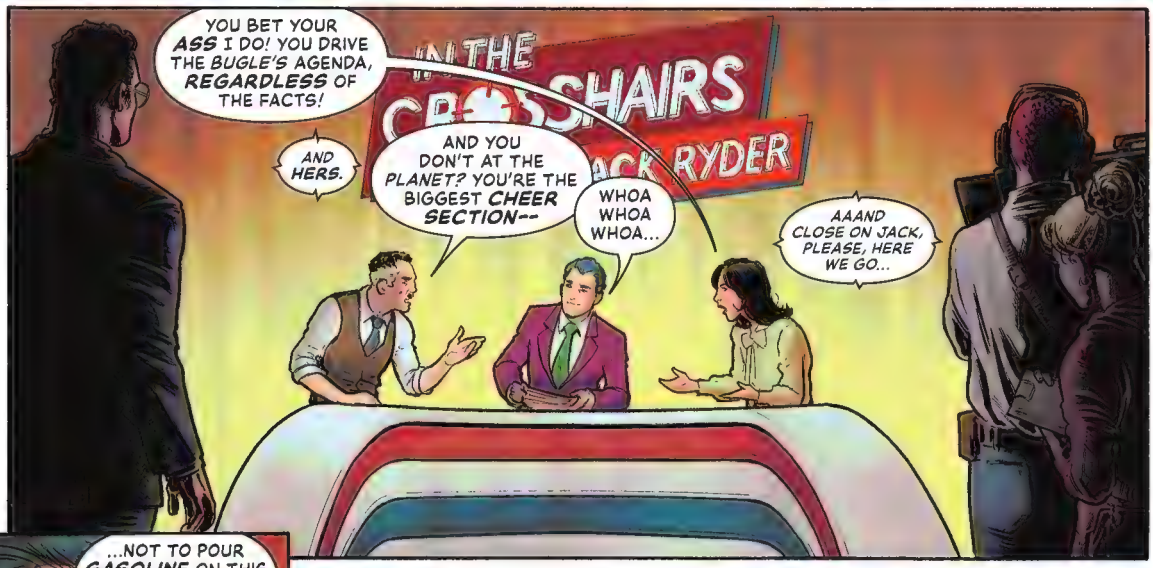
BRIDGE IS WASHED OUT!
JUMP IN THE TRUCK, MY FARM'S JUST A MILE BACK. YOU CAN WAIT IT OUT THERE!

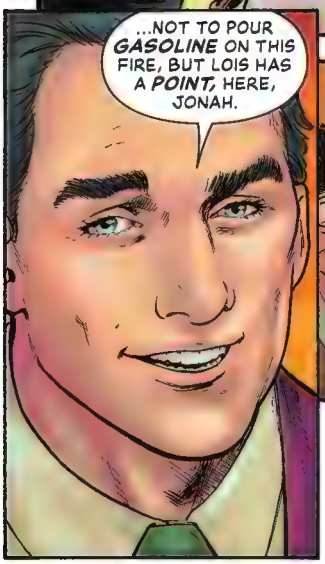
"THINK ABOUT IT, YOU WERE RAISED ON A FARM. ME, I GREW UP IN THE CITY.
COULDN'T HAVE COME AT A BETTER TIME!
"WHILE YOU WERE LEARNING TO DRIVE TRACTORS, I WAS FIGURING OUT THE SUBWAY LINES!"
"SURE, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED IT'S NOT WHERE YOU WERE RAISED THAT MATTERS MOST. IT'S WHO YOU WERE RAISED BY.
WAIT! DID YOU HEAR THAT?
"AND THE WAY I SEE IT, WE WERE BOTH RAISED BY HEROES."
I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING OVER THIS WIND!
DOWN THERE! I SWEAR I HEARD--

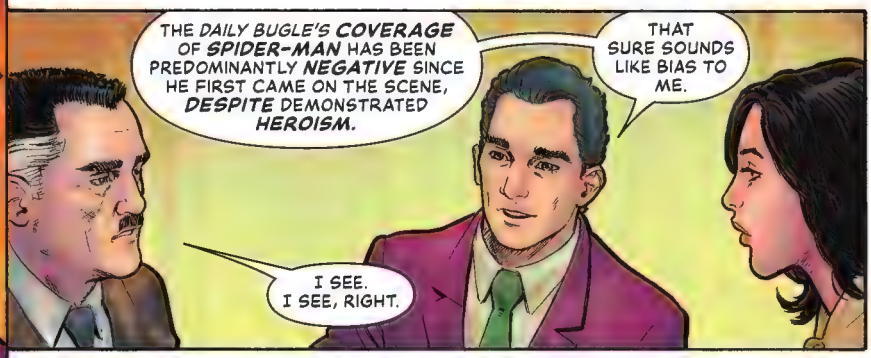
--THERE!
WE BETTER HURRY!
"HEROES? I CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT. I NEVER REALLY KNEW MY REAL DAD, BUT THE MAN WHO RAISED ME--HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST SELFLESS GUYS YOU'D EVER MEET."
"FUNNY, I DIDN'T KNOW MY FATHER EITHER. BUT MY PA, WELL--HE ALWAYS PUT EVERYONE ELSE AHEAD OF HIMSELF TOO. NO MATTER WHAT."
DON'T BE SCARED. YOU JUST HOLD MY HAND AND FOLLOW MY STEPS.
I--I CAN'T. I CAN'T DO IT!

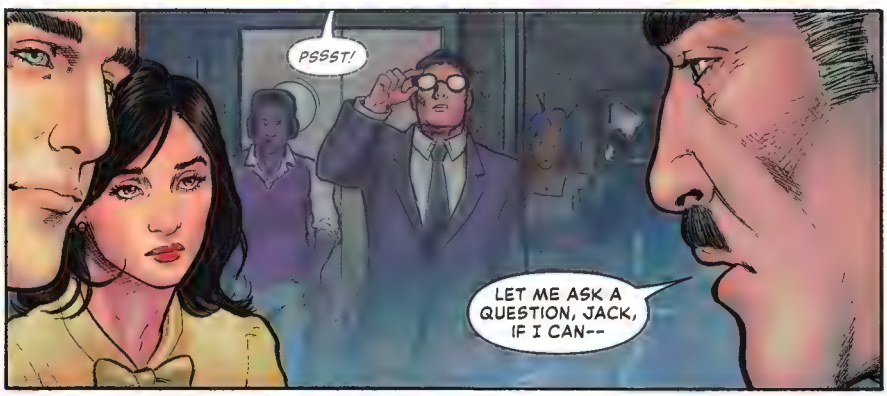
WE'LL GO TOGETHER THEN. OKAY?
OKAY.
"GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE ISN'T A DAY THAT GOES BY THAT I DON'T THINK OF SOMETHING AMAZING MY UNCLE SAID OR DID."
"I KNOW. ALL THESE YEARS LATER AND PA'S STILL SHOWING ME THE WAY."
"YOU KNOW, MY UNCLE TOLD ME HE WAS ONCE IN KANSAS. THIS WAS WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER, BEFORE I WAS EVEN BORN."
"NO KIDDING? WHAT WAS HE DOING THERE?"
"JUST PASSING THROUGH ON ONE OF HIS ROAD TRIPS, I GUESS. HE SAID IT WAS REALLY NICE, GOOD PEOPLE."
"THAT SURE SOUNDS LIKE SMALLVILLE. SO, HOW ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU STICKING AROUND?"
"NAH. YOU KNOW ME. I'M ALWAYS ON THE MOVE..."

LIKE I SAID, WE'RE FROM DIFFERENT WORLDS.
NOT ALL THAT DIFFERENT.
THE END


YOU BET YOUR ASS I DO! YOU DRIVE THE BUGLE'S AGENDA, REGARDLESS OF THE FACTS!
AND HERS.
AND YOU DON'T AT THE PLANET? YOU'RE THE BIGGEST CHEER SECTION--
WHOA WHOA WHOA...
AAAND CLOSE ON JACK, PLEASE, HERE WE GO...




THE DAILY BUGLE'S COVERAGE OF SPIDER-MAN HAS BEEN PREDOMINANTLY NEGATIVE SINCE HE FIRST CAME ON THE SCENE, DESPITE DEMONSTRATED HEROISM.
THAT SURE SOUNDS LIKE BIAS TO ME.
I SEE. I SEE, RIGHT.



BIAS

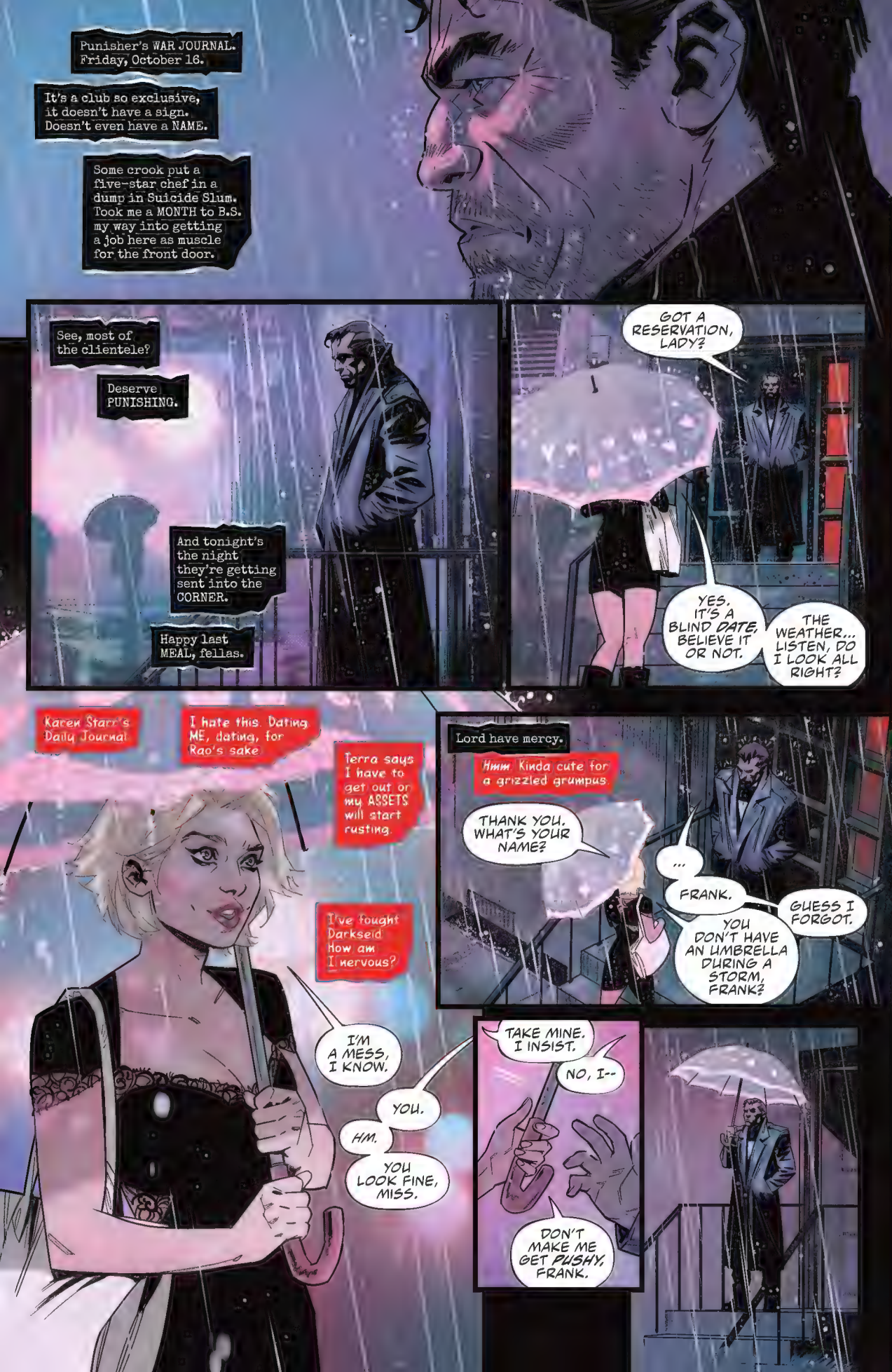
WRITER: GREG RUCKA
ARTIST: NICOLA SCOTT
COLORIST: MARCELO MAIOLO
LETTERER: ARIANA MAHER

--WHAT PURPOSE DOES THE PRESS SERVE?
ARE WE TO SOLELY PRESENT FACTS AND NOTHING ELSE?
I AM EATING THIS UP WITH A SPOON.
AGAIN, WE'RE CONFUSING OBJECTIVITY WITH NEUTRALITY--
NOW, WAIT A SECOND, LOIS, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE.
I WANNA HEAR WHAT JONAH'S GOT TO SAY.
THE PRESS SPEAKS TRUTH TO POWER. THE PRESS EXISTS TO HOLD THOSE WITH POWER...
...BE IT POLITICAL OR ECONOMIC OR, JUST AS IMPORTANTLY, PERSONAL POWER--
--TO ACCOUNT. WOULD YOU AGREE?
YES.
YES, I AGREE.
AND THE WAY WE DO THIS IS BY REPORTING FACTS--WHAT HAPPENED, WHO WAS INVOLVED, HOW AND WHY EVENTS OCCURRED.
WE LOOK FOR RESPONSIBILITY, YES. THE WHY MATTERS.
THAT'S THE ACCOUNTABILITY PART.

AND THAT'S MY ISSUE WITH SPIDER-MAN, RIGHT THERE.
I'M SORRY?
HE HAS NO ACCOUNTABILITY!
NONE!
AT!
ALL!
SO WHILE PEOPLE ARE WOWED AND BAMBOOZLED BY HIS ANTICS...
...WHILE THEY'RE BLINDED BY THE SIZZLE AND NOT THE STEAK...
...IT FALLS TO US--TO ME ALONE IF NEED BE--TO DO IT!
IT'S THE MASK.
IT'S THAT HE WEARS A MASK.
THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?
YOU BET YOUR ASS.
PEOPLE THINK I HAVE A PROBLEM WITH SUPERHEROES. I DO NOT--

"--I AM FOREVER GRATEFUL TO THOSE HEROES NEAR AND FAR WHOSE NAMES WE KNOW--
"--THE FANTASTIC FOUR, RENOWNED THE WORLD OVER FOR WHO THEY ARE AS MUCH AS WHAT THEY DO--
"--JUST ONE EXAMPLE OF THE MANY MEN AND WOMEN WHO USE THEIR EXTRAORDINARY ABILITIES ON BEHALF OF ALL OF US--
"--WHO HAVE RISEN TO DEFEND AND PROTECT ALL OF HUMANITY WHEN CONVENTIONAL MEANS HAVE FAILED--
"--PEOPLE WHO STAND FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE--
"--AND DON'T HIDE THEIR NAMES OR THEIR FACES--"

...LIKE SPIDER-MAN DOES!
SOMETHING-- I HASTEN TO ADD!-- THAT YOUR SUPERMAN FELLA IN METROPOLIS DOES NOT!
MHM. RIGHT...
...HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT THERE'S A REASON SOME OF THESE HEROES KEEP THEIR IDENTITIES SECRET?
I KNOW ALL THE ARGUMENTS. PROTECTING THEIR FRIENDS, FAMILY, ALL OF IT, BLAH-BLAH-BLAH.
BUT IF THEY REALLY HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE, IT SHOULDN'T BE AN ISSUE.
FACT IS, AS LONG AS THEY HIDE THEMSELVES, THEIR MOTIVES WILL ALWAYS BE SUSPECT. TAKE THAT NUTJOB VIGILANTE YOU'VE GOT IN GOTHAM, FOR INSTANCE.
WOULDN'T TRUST HIM FOR AN INSTANT.
UH-HUH. SO WE'RE JUDGING PEOPLE ON HOW THEY LOOK AND NOT WHAT THEY DO--
AND I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL THE TIME WE HAVE TONIGHT.
THIS HAS BEEN IN THE CROSSHAIRS WITH JACK RYDER.
SHOULD I BREAK IT TO HIM?
NOT ON YOUR LIFE.
MAYBE IT'S THE GLASSES.
END.


Punisher's WAR JOURNAL. Friday, October 16.
It's a club so exclusive, it doesn't have a sign. Doesn't even have a NAME.
Some crook put a five-star chef in a dump in Suicide Slum. Took me a MONTH to B.S. my way into getting a job here as muscle for the front door.
See, most of the clientele?
Deserve PUNISHING.
And tonight's the night they're getting sent into the CORNER.
Happy last MEAL, fellas.
GOT A RESERVATION, LADY?
YES. IT'S A BLIND DATE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.
THE WEATHER... LISTEN, DO I LOOK ALL RIGHT?
Karen Starr's Daily Journal
I hate this. Dating ME, dating, for Rao's sake.
Terra says I have to get out or my ASSETS will start rusting.
I've fought Darkseid. How am I nervous?
I'M A MESS, I KNOW.
YOU.
HM.
YOU LOOK FINE, MISS.
Lord have mercy.
Hmm. Kinda cute for a grizzled grumpus.
THANK YOU. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
...
FRANK.
GUESS I FORGOT.
YOU DON'T HAVE AN UMBRELLA DURING A STORM, FRANK?
TAKE MINE. I INSIST.
NO, I--
DON'T MAKE ME GET PUSHY, FRANK.

POWER GIRL & THE PUNISHER
IN BLIND DATE
Writer GAIL SIMONE Artist BELÉN ORTEGA
Colorist JORDIE BELLAIRE Letterer LUCAS GATTONI
Huh
Do I KNOW some of these fancy swells?
EXCUSE ME.
THIS IS AWKWARD BUT--
I THINK... I MEAN...
ARE YOU MY DATE?
I'M PAUL. PAUL RABIN.
Clock it Ponytail, twelve o'clock
Well, this does not RODE.
DON'T WORRY, NO ONE LIKES ME AT FIRST.
I DON'T KNOW WHY. I SWEAR, I'M A NICE GUY!
...
WHERE'S THAT WAITER WITH THE WINE LIST?
Huh. A blind date. With PONYTAIL boy.
In a room full of MERCS and KILLERS.
Gotta get the INNOCENTS out before they become COLLATERAL DAMAGE.
Keep her...THEM... out of the line of FIRE.
...JUST HAD A TOUGH BREAKUP...
FIRST TIME ON A DATING APP...
QUANTUM REALITY-BENDING IS THE RIDESHARE OF THE FUTURE...
GOSH, YOU'RE PRETTY...
YEP. MM-HMM. YOU DON'T SAY. THANKS LOADS.
All things considered?
I think I'd rather fight DARKSEID.
HELP

Okay. Gonna have to move up the TIMELINE.
FIRE in the HOLE.
LISTEN UP, SCUM.
YOU TURN YOURSELF OVER TO THE COPS?
YOU LIVE.
THERE'S NO SECOND CHOICE.
OH MY GOD!
KAREN...?
WHERE'D YOU GO?
YOU.
YOU TAKE YOUR DATE AND GET OUT.
BUT... ALL I DID WAS A FACESPACE SEARCH!
I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! I'M NOT A CRIMINAL!
HEY, FRANK.
I'M POWER GIRL
NO MANHANDLING MY DATE, ALL RIGHT?
THAT'S MY JOB. MAYBE.
I MEAN, THE PONY IS EGREGIOUS, GRANTED... BUT NOT MURDER WORTHY, UNDERSTAND?
:UGK:
NOT... NOT TRYING TO MURDER HIM.

THEY ARE!
Y'ALL PICKED A BAD NIGHT TO GO CLUBBIN', FOLKS.
INTEL SAYS THAT'S VANDAL SAVAGE AND WE'RE HERE FOR THE BOUNTY.
I SWEAR I THOUGHT HE WAS A LOT BIGGER.
LADY, HE'S NOT LYING. PLACE IS ABOUT TO BE A BLOODBATH.
I'M TRYING TO GET YOU TWO OUT.
WELL WELL WELL.
AND HERE I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A DULL NIGHT.
AND NO GUNS, DOORMAN.
I'M NOT VANDAL SAVAGE! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THAT IS!
I'VE HEARD OF YOU, FRANK. THE PUNISHER RIGHT?
FLATTERED.
YOU WANT YOUR UMBRELLA BACK?
KEEP IT.
YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH.

SOON...
HEY. WHERE'D YOUR DATE GO?
HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MAYBE GOING BACK TO HIS EX.
TURNS OUT HE PREFERS REDHEADS. GO FIGURE.
MY LUCK WITH DATING. CAN'T BE HELPED.
YOU SHOULD TRY THIS, IT'S DELICIOUS.
I DON'T DRINK FRUITY DRINKS.
DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.
ANYWAY, THAT MAKES YOU MY DATE NOW, YOU KNOW.
TRUER THAN YOU KNOW.
WE'RE FROM DIFFERENT WORLDS, KID.
HEY. WHAT MAKES YOU SUCH A PRICKLY PEAR, ANYWAY?
I LOST MY FAMILY.
I LOST MY WHOLE DAMN PLANET AND YOU DON'T SEE ME PUTTING SKULLS ON MY CHEST!
WHAT?
NOTHING. JUST...THAT'D BE A REAL CRIME.
:SNERK:
YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU GRIN, IT LOOKS LIKE IT PAINS YOU PRETTY GOOD.
SO DO WE SHAKE HANDS AND SAY GOOD NIGHT?
OR DO WE CONTINUE OUR LITTLE CROSSOVER SOMEWHERE MORE PRIVATE?
YOUR CALL, BIG GUY.
WHERE DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?
I KNOW THIS GREAT PLACE IN MONGOLIA.
WAR JOURNAL:
I won't lie.
She makes a good PITCH.
END

ON SALE
APRIL
TRUTH
A NEW EPIC TALE
SET BETWEEN
THE EVENTS OF
BATMAN: HUSH
AND H2SH
BY THE SUPERSTAR
CREATIVE TEAM OF
WRITER
JEPH LOEB
AND ARTIST
JIM CHEUNG
YOU DO NOT WANT
TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

SON OF ULTRON